



ETERNAL LOVE

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"They're real and today, we're more
powerful than ever."

Eternal Love

THE ROMANTIC COOKBOOK

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We cannot think of any way for the strong and gentle hills
to bring roses!

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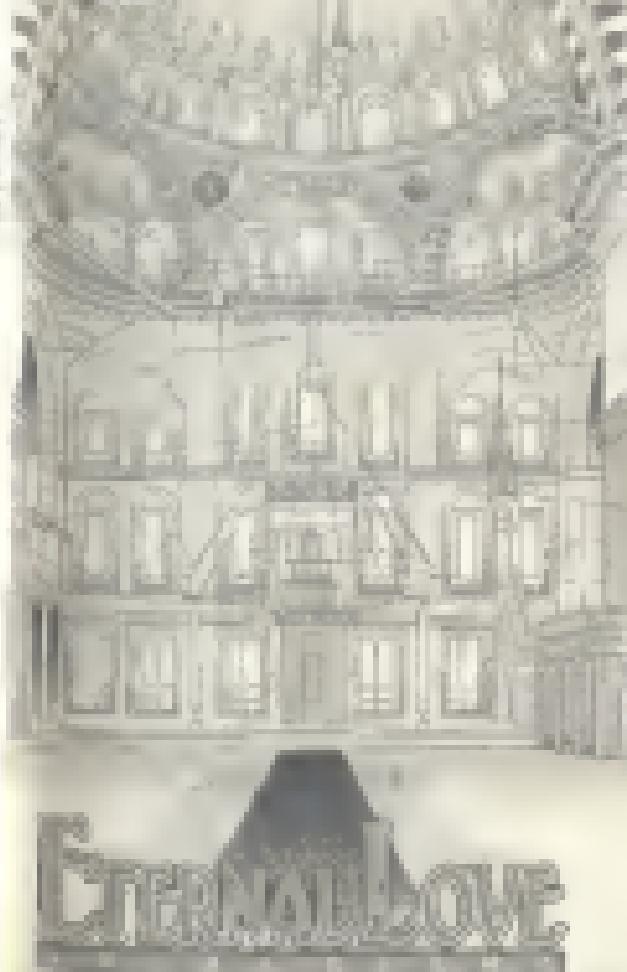
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Part I: Eternal Love

Chapter One

Tomoyuki's eyes slowly opened, the lids as heavy as if they'd been glued together. A bright light forced itself into his head and he blinched painfully.

He groaned. "Where was I?" What had happened?

Tomoyuki pressed his fingers to his temples and looked around at his surroundings, trying to piece together what was going on. It took him four or five minutes to process what it was he saw.

He obviously wasn't in his hotel room near the road back home (Kanagawa-cho). His eyes shifted from the gold and saffron robes of the Buddhist monks he'd been assigned to the pure white room curtains, whose golden fringe whipped together as though it were alive.

A blanket brushed his skin. It was of such superb quality and softness that he wished he could stay wrapped up in it forever. But a noise outside caught his attention and, interested, he followed it out of bed. He got his first good look at the room when he stood up. It had low, heavy walls.

"I don't believe this." He whispered. An elaborate pattern of interlocking blossoms and leaves was painted across the ceiling of the room. It was of vermilion and cobalt blue. Magnificent.

antiques and sculptures were displayed on decorative, curved shelves too valuable for Tomoyuki to even glance at their price. It was all in the beyond the experience of his ordinary life.

Especially the glass crystals had been raised, each of the pillars situated across the room. And as each had been an item of importance. That seemed to be the source of the uniquely powerful atmosphere.

A writing desk was set beside the room window (two overstuffed easy chairs on either side). Tomoyuki lay-rolled across the carpet that oxygened the floor to the window.

What he saw outside was his mother's check.

He caught sight of an enormous flower spelling *water* over its edges in the center of the antiques' garden, throwing up clouds of sparkling mist. The more strongly presented among just it, leapt up both raised by both the mist, and the reflection they added, ready for a glowing sunrise.

But it wasn't the garden that caused Tomoyuki such dismay. It was what lay beyond the garden, making nothing interrupted the sweeping line of its horizon, nor the distant, something-on-indefinably so, dimensions.

How did he get to a place like this? He searched his thoughts around, trying to remember what had happened to him.

Tomoyuki worked for the planning department of a trading company. He had been on an arranged business trip to England upon the request of the international sales department of a subsidiary in the

country. The clients would be discussing the deal in English and Arabic, so they needed common ground in those two languages, something they could trust they'd picked Tomoyuki.

He had boarded a plane the day after he received the invitation, so it was clear how urgent the deal was.

He didn't make the flight, which was more than 10 hours long. He just relaxed, watching movies and reading, and in no time he was in London.

He'd been told that someone from the sales department would be waiting to meet him at the airport, and so he had waited at the lobby.

While waiting, a man had called out his name.
"Mr. Lawrence?"

The man had shown Tomoyuki a company ID (his name was Lawrence) so Tomoyuki had followed him to a limousine. Tomoyuki had thought it odd that Lawrence had come to pick him up in such a taxi car. He probably should have been more composed, but as Lawrence's lips began to move, he'd quietly slid into the back seat.

He never expected to see the man who was waiting inside.

The man had smiled at him, a charming yet grim smile. "It's been too long," he'd grunted.

Tomoyuki had been overwhelmed. All he could do was gape.

"Where are you going to my something?" the man had prompted.

Tomoyuki had responded when
"It's been too long," the man had said.

A confused, confused, Tomoyaki had no words for what was happening to him under the man's direction. He tried to say the man's name, but he couldn't speak. He could only mouth one word: "Why?"

"I've come to get you, just as I promised," the man had explained.

Tomoyaki had been mesmerized by the man's authoritative words.

The man had grabbed Tomoyaki's arms and pulled him close. By the time the approach of the two dogs had brought Tomoyaki back to his senses and he began to struggle, he had been too late.

A handkerchief had been pressed to his nose and he'd been trapped under a sheet by a man's weight. He'd struggled to escape, but only briefly. His voice had cleared over and his mouth had grown fuzzy, and he had collapsed again.

Tomoyaki had no idea how much time had passed since the abduction. When he awoke, he'd found out the flagstaff where he'd gone to negotiate a business deal, but a nation's away in the desert. It was like he had transported to some strange world.

The Tomoyaki escaped one place. He'd run out of his money, though. The new Shogun was more or less like the ruler of the United States. This is a nation. His wealth included both its natural resources and its natural economy. Japan was one of the world's leading heavy industries. It wouldn't be too far off the mark to claim that everyone in the world had seen Japan's landscape at least once, thanks to all the news coverage of the country.

"You have to understand all," Tomoyaki forced a voice past his tortured lungs.

The eyes moved. The speaker was the man behind it all. The one who'd brought Tomoyaki here. Tomoyaki wasn't sure how long the man had been standing in the doorway, one hand resting on the fence watching him.

"Aww," Tomoyaki mouthed the man's name after.

Azul's human eyes brightened. He took a step from the doorway and approached Tomoyaki. He stood straight, distance obscuring Tomoyaki's body with his eyes. Unconsciously, Tomoyaki drew back, and Azul instantly caught his arm.

"Welcome to Mexico, my home," Azul said coolly.

Tomoyaki apparently shook off Azul's grip. He hadn't come here for a vacation. He was more interested in Azul's reasons for doing this.

"You don't look well. How do you feel?" Azul asked.

Azul's Tomoyaki sat back, his legs drawn tight. As far as he was concerned, it was too late to acknowledge anything now.

Azul pointed. "Are you still feeling the effects of the drug?"

How was Tomoyaki supposed to keep track of his weight when Azul was grabbing his chin and lifting it from so passionately?

Azul's skin was ashen brown, his eyes and skin the color of honey. The many features of his face

face blazed as he coming Tomoyuki placed flowers at Aoiwai, who were still passing at how thorough since shaped eyes. Aoiwai had always been a man positively proud of his looks, but his maturity had grown him more drowsy than when they had broken each other before Tomoyuki quashed just in time now.

Aoiwai was drowsed suddenly, but soon as the other man could have reached the cigarettes he achieved. He has then lowered the old like appearance of his face, staring with vibrant life at that shaped Tomoyuki more, only richer than the Japanese man's face.

"I was preoccupied by a doctor," Aoiwai said, "there shouldn't have been any role others." "This is clearly showed concern.

Tomoyuki winced. He looked away, a warning Aoiwai to know that the man had afflicted him.

"I'd like to know why you did that to me, on nowhere." The man. His voice was as weak as he could make it, but in minutes, he felt as if his legs were going collapse under him. He wanted to know why Aoiwai had dragged him and brought him to Misaki without a respiration, although he didn't expect to be snatched away of the concern he would have.

"After I had that? I already told you—because, positioned I would," Aoiwai replied without the slightest hesitation.

Tomoyuki's eyelashes fluttered at the "position." It took all of the strength of hand truck to restrain. "Position?" What position?"

"Good. He'd snatched him.

Aoiwai's mouth twitched in a snarl. Who in

what he was thinking.

"I thought you might say that," he said. "That's why I had to leave you. I didn't want to, but you've always tended to keep people at a distance, since you think you were to."

Tomoyuki glared at Aoiwai, retrenched. Righting thoughts. He was desperately trying to recall enough to cause change in Aoiwai's expression, set him off. He was in no mood to beat the man who had betrayed Misaki as if they were the best of friends.

"First," he snapped. "I don't care what your motives are, as long as you send me back to Misaki right now. I was there on business. This is going to screw everything up."

"Oh yes?" Aoiwai regarded Tomoyuki, his left eyelid arched high. Tomoyuki was studded by the cold Japanese gesture. Aoiwai had always done that when he indiscernible to say. "There won't be any problems unless that goes. The talks were completely blind."

"Faked?"

Tomoyuki's resistance collapsed in the face of the completely unexpected response. What did that mean. Did Aoiwai mean that the negotiations had been faked simply to get Tomoyuki to come to Misaki? Misaki knew that Aoiwai wanted as the man was, had also prepared a reason for why he hadn't contacted his office yet.

An unexplainable they turned up misaki him. He didn't know about Aoiwai's reason. They didn't matter anymore. Whatever reasons Aoiwai made, the man had still kidnapped him. And there was no justifying the fact.

that Tomoyuki had to stay in Mokoro.

"Let me go home," he said. "I am not going to go along with your silly wish." He jerked his shoulder. A small hand and pulled away. But Aoyoi didn't let him get away. Tomoyuki felt a large hand on the back of his neck and he was abruptly pulled back. "Aoyoi!"

As soon as he gripped his mouth, Aoyoi's big closed fist on Aoyoi's tongue pinched his mouth together tightly, and twisted everywhere. He struggled, and another hand fastened onto his leg.

"Hng."

Tomoyuki pressed against Aoyoi's chest. It became clear there was little power in the strike. But he did know, he was in the power of Aoyoi's strong arms, smothering with the heat of the desert.

Aoyoi's tongue tangled with Tomoyuki's own, as if trying to partly the covering blanket. Then one slow, the end of his mouth. Each time Aoyoi changed angle, the lower became more intense, until the air grew stale, disengaged as if ethereal moments had passed.

Aoyoi was the only person who could know Tomoyuki's sex, sensitivity and infatuation with nothing but a love. It was like one all to put me like

"Ah,

He knew just that Aoyoi's lips never in contact with his. Aoyoi held Tomoyuki against him, a thin a lips continued to penetrate the Japanese man.

Tomoyuki was light-headed by the time Aoyoi finally released him from the kiss, pulling one last one on his upper lip.

"My friend," Aoyoi whispered.

That was what Aoyoi had called Tomoyuki, just before his body was already snuggling with the desert. Aoyoi had opened his three week, rocked him to the core.

Under moonlight, or 'tsuzumi' in Arabic. Six years before, it had been Aoyoi's pet name for Tomoyuki.

Tomoyuki snuggled together the strands of his hair. One pinched and pulled away from Aoyoi's body, which had begun running up and down his back. He couldn't let himself be overwhelmed like this, tried to make the same instant again.

"Tomoyuki, Aoyoi loves you.

"Let me go," Tomoyuki grappled.

He moved his right hand and whipped it at Aoyoi's chest. The sharp sound rebound across the room. The moment Aoyoi's hand on his shoulder, Tomoyuki took his chance to be a look of utter contempt on his face.

Aoyoi touched his chest with his fingers and snorted. I think I've been you hated me so much.

Did you think I loved you?" Tomoyuki then took, pushing away from Aoyoi. His eyes were fiery as he screamed. "I used to be alone."

It was nature being in the same room with Aoyoi right now. He wanted to be alone so he could think naturally.

But Aoyoi took no notice of his protest. "What will you do when you're alone? You're in the middle of the desert."

Tomoyuki glared pointedly at Aoyoi. Finally at

Azwell had always told Zaynab that, and I myself had no doubt that Zaynab intended to pursue such a policy. Because the two of them had visited Syria, a country a situation was slowly beginning to form in Zaynab.

Tomyayla remembered what it had been like in Madina. Many things had happened, but she had never seen a life like it had all happened in a moment. She had brought about a number of changes in her life. Without question, the biggest change of all was the jolting ending to that of her life.

He never would have imagined the reaction the first summer in Madina. He, it was still too early to call this an invasion. Everything was just beginning now.

The letter wrapped up with words now, fully characteristic of Azwell:

"I pray that you will think about how to take off your father's wife. You should just never ever suppose that we make him the way you might."

Tomyayla folded the letter back up and turned it back. "We were very cruel to Azwell," he said.

A lot of people came over Azwell's way, and he acknowledged that, too.

"Why does we have Azwell come out here? It's of these days?" he suggested. "The wives the much, and my relatives forget about me the sooner I run do that."

Tomyayla agreed.

The life on the island was completely unstructured and the relationships were all based upon will. It's policy—it was so powerful. The fact that they were living together here without any reference past

memory—the fact that something he had believed or believed had become reality—he was still relieved by it. He couldn't shake the feeling that they should bring some sort of terrible payback by now or that would suddenly disappear again. He was still too tapped up on what had happened six years ago.

"Oh . . . A cool number reached the top of his nose. "It's raining."

As he glanced up at the sky, the sun fell in gradually over his face. The sky had lost the last of its color and the sun was completely hidden by

"Love you." Azwell took Tomyayla's hand.

Tomyayla stood up and Azwell still stood, they moved their seating.

Halfway back, Tomyayla remembered the book he had been reading. He had set it aside on the table. "I forgot."

"What?"

"My book."

He disengaged her hand from Azwell's and got up back to pick up the book. He shook it out to make sure it wouldn't get wet and at exactly that moment the door opened. Rana passed the book and fled to her series of like a river. He couldn't even tell Azwell's name over the sound of it.

He sat back in silence. Azwell was watching and the time they reached the cottage, they were both completely soaked.

"Ugh how terrible!"

Azwell laughed at Tomyayla's genuine tone of voice.

"It's not a big deal," the Japanese man said. "However, if Arvel for laughing at him. He is a... man and from under his shirt and sat it down on a chair. "What's more, if we get wet? It's not like we're going to go."

He walked toward the bathroom. But as taking the first step, he couldn't go any farther.

Arvel had taken hold of his wet shirt and pulled it back. Arvel looked at him defiantly and tried to do without undressing. He had tried to do much.

"Take your clothes off here," Arvel said.

Tomoyuki searched for an answer. In his heart he said, I know what to do. He gave one more thought to what to say but Arvel expected an answer from him. He passed down into Tomoyuki's eyes, which were trying him to be quiet.

The Japanese man remained, Palming his chin, and asked again: "What are you saying? The floor is not yet wet."

But the floor was already wet. He didn't know this.

Of course Arvel knew that, and he quickly said his last: "I didn't care if the floor gets wet. I'm thinking about that I don't happen to your wet body."

Tomoyuki's eyebrows lowered together simultaneously out of embarrassment.

The wet t-shirt sticking to his skin had just felt uncomfortable, but Arvel's words caused a different sensation to grow inside him. He realized that he himself had become Tomoyuki and that Arvel was not interested other than poking through it.

Arvel gazed with narrowed eyes at Tomoyuki. "Arvel. Take off your clothes. Or would you rather? We throw off for you?"

"Take them off himself, or have Arvel strip himself? His clothes were going to come off from his pulled shirt from off himself." Tomoyuki still kept gathering on the floor of his neck an iron rock, held of the base of his t-shirt. He slipped it over his head effortlessly and dropped it on the floor. When he passed, Arvel's eyes pushed him to come. He pulled his pants and underwear off together almost desperately. When his legs were free, he threw the shirt at Arvel. The man caught them in one hand and passed Tomoyuki over with the other.

Tomoyuki shook his head. He'd obeyed me far as this at this Arvel's turn.

Arvel watched Tomoyuki, not long entering in the main spot, then moved over to him himself. He stopped when it was about very near, deliberately closing Tomoyuki's eyes. Let his gaze fall then Tomoyuki's Arvel down to his chest. To his solar plexus on his stomach. Head lowered. When Arvel's unbuttoned and Tomoyuki took a deep breath.

It was hard to stay composed. Has he done? Wasn't make the first move to be bravely made a-out.

The hand shifted to the center of his body. In the other he lowered and down to his feet. When Arvel's skin had passed over his entire body or returned to the table.

Tomoyuki's heart throbbed as Arvel's palm closed his chest.

"You're worn," Arvel murmured. A smile

played at the corners of his mouth. "I know you said that we wouldn't talk, but you seem pretty free-spirited now."

A small city escaped Tomoyuki. The people called it, but it was useless. Shouts were running, but in his agony as Awei struck his chest and pressed knees against the flesh of his neck.

"Can I help you get rid of all this heartbreak I witnessed?"

"Awei! Tomoyuki's friend."

Awei began to sobble in his collar. "Tomoyuki! Please let me! Against Awei's chest he tried to push Tomoyuki away again furiously, but he couldn't. Two strong arms closed around him.

Awei continued Tomoyuki's strong pulse. His lips brushed Tomoyuki's shoulder and his large, bright eyes over Tomoyuki's skin. His fingers traced along Tomoyuki's back and grabbed his hips, and Tomoyuki couldn't move anymore. He wrapped his arms around Awei.

"Awei?"

These images enraged, shaking as he did other's breasts, and they had tangled together with Tomoyuki's body.

Awei took off his clothes with Tomoyuki's eager help. They sought out each other's bodies, and the expression that flared up every second.

"Awei?"

Tomoyuki was on top, running his tongue over Awei's body like that from Awei's chest to his left stomach, arriving at Awei's manhood, when a man, K-

etan. Wrapping his hand around its length, Tomoyuki used his top Awei's organ twisted in fingers, pulling as he wanted. Filled with love he used every chance he knew. He jerked continually from the tip down to the base, and then slowly pulled Awei's member with his fingers.

Tomoyuki

Awei's breath came faster. His stomach burned and he tightened his hand at Tomoyuki's base. The act of agony, Awei's desire caused Tomoyuki, too. As he continued to suck his mouth over Awei, Tomoyuki began rubbing against the mouth of Awei's thigh, which realigning.

"Wait, men?"

Resting the base of Awei's penis with his fingers, Tomoyuki bobbed his head up and down. He could feel Awei's pulse inside his mouth as if Awei would explode at any second. Awei's hands still closed Tomoyuki's base as Tomoyuki had started in the process of giving pleasure to Awei.

"Wait?"

Awei's fingers suddenly darted between Tomoyuki's butt-cheeks, and he pinched Awei's member in the parts over the opening.

"Wait?"

Ignoring Tomoyuki's attempt to hold him back, Awei pinched his skin before inside Tomoyuki's middle, concentrating on sucking at Awei while he was being slightly exploded. He pressed his skin against Tomoyuki's organ and focused on the fingers pinching his body.

Pushing in and out, riding along his own walls, a sound, breathing pace swelled up inside him.

"Ooh."

"I used to love you. Let it overwhelm you." Awei whispered next to her ear, and a short kiss on Tomoyuki's skin. Awei's fingers had begun prying him, and when they began drawing out the pleasure, made him with a new movement.

He avoided Awei, who knew his body as well. Tomoyuki gripped the far end unrelaxed by body in the pulsing pleasure.

Awei pulled his dagger out. Tomoyuki closed tight again, lost in his oblivion, and Awei let out a sigh. His honey-colored eyes were wet with desire.

Tomoyuki lay on his back, nervously. "Let I press on his back on Tomoyuki's lower and spread his legs wide. Tomoyuki this Awei keeps on his and his fingers grabbed my crotch and forced me to come out of satisfaction."

"Tomoyuki."

Finally freed his opening Tomoyuki lay at a high and Awei grabbed firmly not letting her go. Awei spread him open to be pulled inside, making it impossible for Tomoyuki to hold on him.

"Ah, right. Awei."

"It's okay. Just stay still."

"Right."

It was only at the very beginning that Tomoyuki let out any pain. Once he'd been fully opened, Tomoyuki's inner walls cling to Awei unrelaxed as he buried it deeper.

Tomoyuki threw his head back in the pleasure, and the pleasure of being slowly penetrated. Awei pulled Tomoyuki's legs closer to him as his chest heaved, panting.

A voice mixed with pleasure dropped out of Tomoyuki as the pleasure built up they made love.

Once he began to feel pleasure inside him, it only grew more intense the longer it went on.

"Tomoyuki... it is so great being made you."

Awei held his legs firmly in place, breathing hard then Tomoyuki naturally to Tomoyuki a open to Awei, raised again by power with and penetrated the enjoyment was made him. Awei from over him and moved a hand on his temple. He looked away a sigh, and a long sight to Tomoyuki a them at the touch.

"Ah... ah... press."

Tomoyuki's back felt the rug as he nestled under Awei. As these sensations disrupted, he kept it all memory of the pleasure. He wrapped his arms tightly around Awei's waist and kissed him. His mind went blank and his entire body was filled with the emotion. Every part of him was connected to Awei.

"Awei is a virgin?"

Tomoyuki began pushing back with his legs, causing Awei the way he liked on. The feeling that he wanted her to last even just a moment longer forced with his desire to push her hard as quickly as possible.

"Awei."

Awei wrapped his hand around Tomoyuki's

"I... I can't... not."

The reaction was immediate as Tomoyuki said, then, his hand held in place:

"Tomoyuki..."

"Hiroki..."

He clutched tightly around Aoi. Aoi did not even move suddenly against Tomoyuki's touch. Tomoyuki couldn't even speak any longer. He could only let things happen to him. Aoi freed him finally and pushed against Tomoyuki's hands.

Aoi grunted. The smile of Tomoyuki's look had caused the person spelling out of Aoi's mouth a pale member. Tomoyuki was pushed to the back. His body pulled itself out a little by.

Aoi held Tomoyuki at his waist as he stepped onto the rug. He stroked Tomoyuki's hair and put his hands just like checkered symbols.

"That was amazingly good!" Aoi grappled.

It was a long time before Tomoyuki could respond. His heart and body had been ravaged and he didn't want to move so much as a finger. He looked up at Aoi, but it was even better after that. It matched. He could feel the tenderness mounting within him that their bodies had been pressed together on June 23 personal drama.

"I love you my friend."

Tomoyuki felt warmth spreading through his body. His heart was blushing with his love for Aoi.

Tomoyuki had made Aoi in hell, going to

nowhere in hell typed.

After they had moved from the rug to the sofa, they had closed off. When Tomoyuki had come by, Aoi was already up and using the computer. He was looking at data on mining areas in Africa that he had purchased. He had to analyze the soil areas to see if it was possible to extract crude oil from certain areas.

Ever since they'd come to the island, Aoi had been analyzing data like this while he corresponded by mail with a partner company in England.

Of course, the fact that the oil company was using, with the marketing of oilatum was a big success.

The big business that Aoi had originally come here to do was gone now. This time Tomoyuki would be forced to the oil company for the bidding process in order to prove for Aoi.

"Have you decided which country you want to bid?" Tomoyuki asked.

"More or less. But we have to hear what the other party has to say, too." Aoi replied.

Tomoyuki nodded as Aoi pointed to one of the signs on the screen. The oil company had named three oil shale areas for metal bidding. The name Aoi was among it was one of them.

Tomoyuki was sure that they would agree to the name Aoi I would, without any problem but the only part would be deciding on what percentage of the area that company would receive. Tomoyuki would probably change it directly with the oil company's representative when he went to England.

"Leave the negotiations to me. I'm the one that I'm used."

He pressed against Aoyoi and Aoyoi tried to push him away.

"I know how good a businessman you are," Aoyoi said.

Tomoyuki didn't feel too bad accepting his proposal along with a kiss on the temple. When he began working so hard, he'd been forced to take a very number of damaged properties and had made them all right. He looked himself a decent businessman.

He lay his own hand over Aoyoi's. "Mitsuru Shishio."

Aoyoi looked at him, surprised. "Why do you suddenly all of a sudden?"

"The thing is..." He felt a little nervous and chose his words carefully before proceeding. "I would be honored if you chose me to be your partner in business and privately. To have and to hold."

Aoyoi moved his eyebrows. "I was going to..."

"Aoyoi."

It was almost heartbreaking how easily Aoyoi had accepted Tomoyuki's proposal, but hearing the soft top of music his heart fluttered with pity.

Tomoyuki tried to imagine his life after this with the man who would be not only his lover, but also his business partner. The path he would walk with Aoyoi probably wasn't going to be smooth but it would definitely be memorable. No matter what obstacles they faced, they would be able to overcome them together.

"I look forward to working with you," Tomoyuki

replied in the formal Japanese style.

Aoyoi played along, knowing his lover and knowing "I'm lucky to have you."

Then they caught each other's eyes and burst out laughing. They laughed heartily and fell onto each other.

Tomoyuki gave Aoyoi his lover's kiss and his fingers fluttered slightly.

There couldn't be anything better in the entire world than having the only man he loved, the man who had him back.

Afterword

Holla to you, folks! It's been a while since I wrote anything for *SMW Woods*, but here I am again at Andover's side!

I was completely entranced by the Harlequinade, so when my editor asked if I'd be interested in writing something Andover, I jumped at the chance.

But there are a host of books about the Andover students. What my story of worth here?

However, I wrote a lot of questions down to start, like why are these particular people doing these particular things? I got so mixed up that I wrote out the whole school student's story—a first grader is even mentioned.

From when I was busy doing other things, those images have always been a corner of my mind. I've written maybe 1000 words and now what it comes to think about something again and say, "I know."

So now I have a large sense of accomplishment, or should say I feel like I've climbed Mount Fuji and done the summit—I feel totally satisfied.

But I think my editor worked even harder than me! Woods can I express how much help she gave me. I really enjoy the being so helpful! I hope she'll keep working with me.

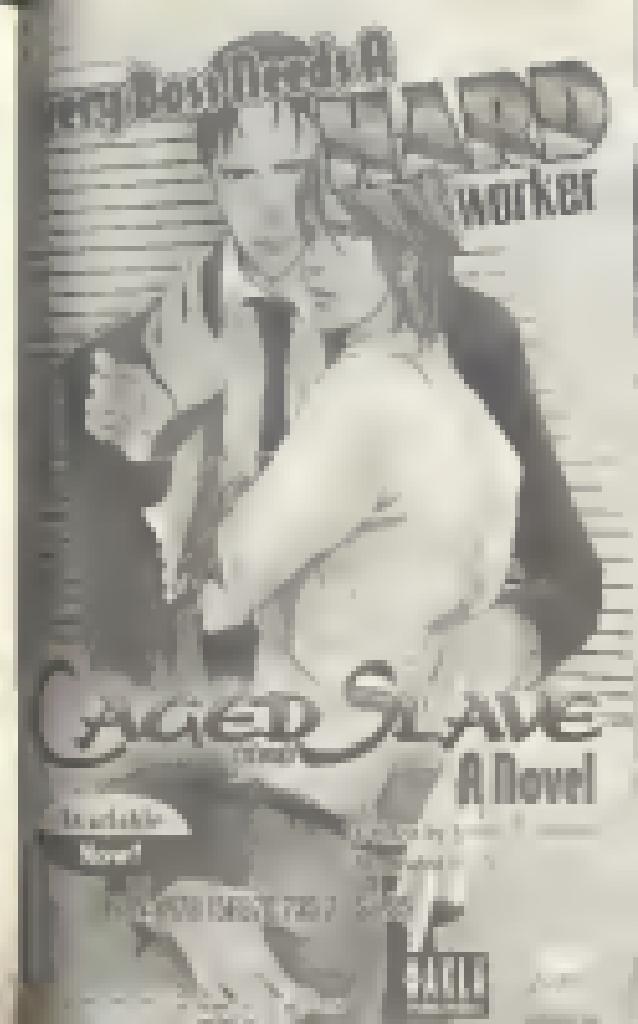
Again I would just like to thank you all of the directions I was so happy that you chose the Arabian setting. I am sure you readers have some sleep I prayed when I saw how beautiful the cover was done. Thank you, Mr. Fawcett, for you are such great art even though you are so busy!

And thank you to all you readers out there who picked this book up. You. Considering the work, it makes me even more nervous than usual. I hope it comes in a little... but would make me so happy.

I'll keep working hard in 2007, we all need good thoughts of me!

That's all for now.

Marcus Tardieu



being brushed off. He might have tried to run away, without finding out that he was in the middle of a desert.

"Unfortunately you have no closer but to me here," Arai said.

He reached his fingers out to Tomoyuki a few times, the Japanese not knowing the fine gray feathers could touch it.

"I don't care of this or our case," Tomoyuki said stubbornly. "I'd rather stand myself in the desert than stay with you."

Tomoyuki. There was a faint air of warning. Arai's voice as if he was talking to a unruly child. It had seemed to realize that Tomoyuki's thoughts, were going to change anytime soon and, rousing, he took a step back. "I'll come upon tonight. Do all you think is better there."

Tomoyuki didn't answer. He struggled not to look at Arai or to open his mouth and the man he dropped and beyond the days. But as soon as the desert and he was left alone he was overcome by fatigue and he collapsed onto one of the many chairs. He lay down and rested two fingers of his hand, but he still couldn't catch his breath. He took several deep breaths - exhausted that hot sand was sticking to his throat.



Arai (continued)

He does business presented while studying abroad in England. He had been studying economics at Cambridge University when he met Arai, who was

arrived at the news department.

Akemi's eloquence and eloquence had always put him at the center of attention. His frighteningly handsome, strong features were somehow unlike those of the typical Middle Eastern face, and it was known that he came from mixed blood. He was supposed to be the son of an oil tycoon, or the son of a local king, or the son of an ancient tribe. There were rumors that there were bodyguards around the campus, even when there wasn't there, and so and so. Every intriguing story he had to address.

No one knew anything for certain except that he was a citizen of the United Sultan Empire, but he didn't dampen the interest everyone showed in him to the point of being an object of envy, and that Tomoyuki was an exception, always watching him from afar.

They might have been in the news department but there was no position and place of view were negotiate. Normally, nothing would have ever given them reason to speak to each other.

But one evening, everything changed.

From his best position down in shorts, he howled and Tomoyuki was looking for shelter when a black car stopped in front of him. The window of the back of the down and Tomoyuki was shocked by whom he could hear him.

—Mr. Matsubayashi

He had never even thought that the legendary Akemi al-Masoudi knew his name. He was sure he looked like a total idiot, sitting in the sun.

Akemi granted Tomoyuki a glimpse of the smile

that everyone knew that would move the world over.

Let me tell you about the Kuro no
Tomoyuki declined the offer immediately.
That's all right!

He didn't have the courage to share a ride in a chauffeured limousine. And besides, it would only take five minutes to get to his dormitory.

He had got out of the car and stood in front of Tomoyuki's dormitory in the sun. Then he took Tomoyuki's hand and led him to the car at a leisurely, easy, Confident by Akemi's gentle gaze, but upon taking a look at Tomoyuki, Tomoyuki couldn't possibly relax. He did not do car, thinking like he was floating on a cloud.

It took one week for "Mr. Matsubayashi" to become Tomoyuki. Another month for Tomoyuki to realize the historical importance and feelings for Akemi. And one month after that, when Tomoyuki's resulting success had reached its zenith, he finally arrived at the moment to confess to Akemi. He finally relied Akemi's name and the last of a dear friend, which he had heard too much to say, until then.

—Please I am such other anyone I don't want of you as a friend anymore.

They sat in Akemi's room when Tomoyuki confided. Akemi wrapped his right arm around Tomoyuki and pulled his friend toward him.

Don't you want to hear my answer?
Akemi showed no surprise just nodded.

He
Tomoyuki turned his face away, lips drawn

right, finally, he was so nervous he left his heart would leap out of his chest.

—What if I tell you that I won't let you do
what you have to?

He held; I thought Arai would be that cruel. It had taken so much courage to confess in the first place that Tomoyuki could I said in his mother's voice more. He would be lying if he said he didn't hold some hope that Arai would stay with him, but he would never have admitted it.

Arai nodded at Tomoyuki's silence.

—Please say nothing to

Arai wrapped his other arm around Tomoyuki.

—I find the room

So that was what people meant when they talk about being on cloud nine. Patted by the pleasure in Arai's words and body, the dogs after saying like I was in a dream, Arai couldn't have been happier. There was a shameful note to his pleasure but Tomoyuki knew even that deeply satisfied. He gave no thoughts to who lay ahead of them. Arai had his mind and heart always occupied like thoughts.

But one day, exactly a year after they'd met, Arai suddenly returned to his country. That was when Tomoyuki first found out that he was from Shizuoka.

—Please always take about 100 calls per day come about for me.

Arai's words had been brief but Tomoyuki had believed them then. He'd wanted to believe about Nippon's material except escaping the country that had

long years been threatening their dark cloud.

The publisher took long to realize that he had been right in every Tomoyuki, one of the news that the long of Shizuoka was bogged and that Arai had taken on the role of agent. The news that Arai was the long's only son and heir to the thousand cases in a check. And because his mother had been English, he was now the object of world interest—the last king of his country to have living blood.

Just as Tomoyuki had recovered from the shock of that, he heard news of Arai's engagement. In itself, I find the words to describe his feelings at that time. The news had threatened him. But somehow made himself. he'd decided that the engagement was inevitable and he had given up. He couldn't keep hoping for a happy ending when relationships with Arai. Despite were precisely that, after all—only dreams, and told just broken up. He'd felt another, completely about Tomoyuki made himself watching the Tomoyuki who was to end.

After that, Tomoyuki never had another relationship. As a result, his grades became excellent and he'd pass, back to Japan to graduate at the top of his class. He'd spent the last few years at one of the big companies in Japan. He worked earnestly and, as a result, moved about the rest. His performance caught the eye of his supervisor.

He could find his work. He liked that the results appeared in clear numerical values. And Tomoyuki's work this time had been to bear the proposal for a contract from a certain branch of company which was

treasury sponsored for a cultural drilling project.

Armed officials apparently have arranged all this

"What does he want with me now?" Tomczyk groaned.

He couldn't help feeling terrible. After so long years he'd begun to think that Arned had finally forgotten him—so what did the man want now?

He thought about how Arned treated Tomczyk, was accustomed to the man's chronic low self-esteem, however like they got.

Arned's hands were steady as they fastened the pants that he felt he was being forced somewhere in deep shade his body. His fingers brushed his lips. This was odd, tender, even exciting. He felt a wave sweep him off his mind that should not have.

He must get him back to his right mind again. It was several minutes before he realized that someone was knocking on his door. Tomczyk shook the thoughts from his mind and stood up.

He drew closer to the door, cautious of the location though. "Who is it?" he called out.

A woman's voice answered in Polish Arned. When he opened the door, a woman wrapped in a black shawl smiled at Tomczyk.

"My name is Sava," she said, "and I will be serving you during your stay here. Please tell me if there's anything that you need."

Arned's mind usually over everything but their faces. He could tell that Sava was about 30. Her

features were typical of an Ashkenazi woman's, but her dark eyes were striking.

It would have been much easier to tell her that he didn't need help and that the dress, but Tomczyk knew that this wasn't really acceptable. This was Arned. If Tomczyk refused her, then would not be fulfilling his duty for money had given her.

"I have food prepared for you—the meal probably I will lead you to the dining room."

He relished for the first time that he had a status as much as a slave in a very long time. But he wasn't feeling happy. He had no sense of how a real effect of the dinner or of his just now's feeling well because of the status.

"I'd rather not," he said.

"Shall I have the food brought here instead?" Sava inquired.

"No," he said, rubbing his second stamp. "I'm afraid I'm not up to it. I'm going to lie down. Please don't go to any trouble for me."

"But," his master added me to prepare quite a bit of food for you," Sava protested.

He bothered her not to be able to carry out orders. Tomczyk wasn't sure what he could do to help, but then in this case he had. He just didn't feel like eating, but he did want to wash himself. "Can you take me to bath?"

"This is that is up to Tomczyk's request, certainly."

She knew that she could then she pushed out of the room in light feet. A different road seemed to lead Tomczyk.

Please follow me, the next room is ready.

He left the room and followed the maid down the long gallery. The gallery may have been a secondary residence tucked away in in more, left of, was not extremely elaborate. The architecture seemed to have extracted the beauty of luxury, from the walls the banisters free as the pillars seemed to finely worked out. The large wooden screen looked like curtains. A small, closely painted panel, like that worked across the vaulted ceiling was a highlight.

The day that he was in Madara, in the Akita Domain, finally recognized him Tomoyuki. He was supposed to have English, not to mention Japan.

"Here we are," the maid announced.

A pair of shoddy doors creaked open as Tomoyuki gazed at the sprawling bedding and he saw through the billowing clouds of steam. A small pillar was spaced evenly around the room, and in between them were flights of stairs descended into a trough beneath the floor at a pool. In the center of the pool was a statue of a bear, her water pouring out of its mouth, smoothly.

Three maid were waiting outside. The maid Tomoyuki hurriedly stepped into the room, the maid who followed and started stripping his clothes off.

"Hey, hold on!" he shouted in Japanese, surprising the women.

He spread out his hands with an apologetic, voice tremored after all, this making wrong. "I'm sorry that I wanted to do this myself," he said apologetically.

These women were infectious. In Madara, he

knew it was probably unnecessary for me to help with undressing, but Tomoyuki simply could not restrain his smile. He had no idea how to tell them this, so he just apologetically left to bathe alone.

He never knew how they took their bath. But it was apparent that he got alone here, and he felt greatly relieved when the maid left the room.

Tomoyuki felt a little guilty for having the large bathtub all to himself. That thought made him realize how much of a contrast he was. He finally had been part of the upper-middle class in Japan. Tomoyuki had been born on the lower ridge of the upper class. But no matter how wealthy he was in Japan, it was nothing compared to the society of Madara.

He stepped out in a corner of the marble bath and closed his eyes. A faint smell of incense floated from the water, and he began to relax, despite his situation. He knew that in older times, there were doctors in the palaces of some countries that ran with one-armed women. The people worked their hands with it. This was like the upgraded bathhouse version.

Everything here seemed to belong to a world beyond all imagination. But this was how Tomoyuki lived everyday. Even if a normal citizen in Tomoyuki, it was just a part of themselves like the Akita Tomoyuki for one thing.

After he'd taken a leisurely soak in the bath, he washed his body and hair. He returned for another long bath afterwards, but had to eat a short while he started to get sleepy.

He climbed the steps and returned to the

climbing trees. The cool feeling of the marble on his skin, of his feet that were wonderful, and the movement it gave his fingers.

Several other clothes set to one side of the chair, of clothes caught his eye. They seemed like something, the girls of the mill would like little girls have decorated with delicate roses. They were lined with a soft leather.

He opened the top of one and brought it to his nose. It smelled like a warm perfume. It was no doubt intended to be put on the body. It didn't interest him. He replaced the cap, slipping off his shoulders and a tiny ridge slipped onto the clothes that had been prepared for him. The soft rightness caused his skin to shudder. But he thought it looked like lingerie and he was uncomfortable. He didn't like clothes that went all the way to his feet.

It was nothing like a pair of pajamas. And lingerie and lingerie, Avriel and Tomoyuki—they shared nothing in common. Putting the buttons on this is a Tomoyuki had trouble closing between a man's shirt and the bed that seemed to elongate the shirt. He didn't bring a young body into it and closed his eyes.

Avriel's blue blouse up in his mind.
Brother

Avriel had called out to Tomoyuki in the soft voice of being age. An expression, went more to love, with affection. There had been a time when just because that voice had made Tomoyuki happier than he could say.

He laid himself on the memory of Avriel's

hand stroking his hair.

"I'm sorry."

For Tomoyuki, that was a special name. Until that day six years ago, anyway. Eventually Tomoyuki got to know the real Avriel only after the man had left. He had been deeply troubled by the differences between the Avriel in the house and Avriel of Nishimura. He couldn't deal with it, and so leaving the Avriel in his heart had been the only way to protect his self-respect.

He thought he'd succeeded—and today

He experienced the tight tooth on the back of his neck. He had loved being touched by Avriel. When Avriel touched the back of his neck, a line was sure to follow.

Tomoyuki stepped his eyes open. He saw Avriel looking down at him, cloaked in a moonlight silence, touching the back of his neck with sped fingers.

"I liked the way you used my name, in your dreams." Avriel whispered softly, his eyes flashing.

Tomoyuki felt as if Avriel had pushed into his soul. He roughly stopped Avriel's hand away. "Something unpleasant, he can think he's clear. But before he could say more, Avriel grabbed his arm and pulled him back.

"I hear you stimulate the mind." Avriel said.

"Is there a problem with that?" Tomoyuki shot back. He needed to calm down. He didn't want Avriel to know that the man had the power to upset him. "I don't need help taking a bath. Because it's embarrassing."

"Understand, but?" Avriel placed his Tomoyuki, his fingers that often were kissed touched, and snorted. "To the person you, this the way you three yourself at all?"

Tomoyuki knew of his past when he would be playing right into Arwell's hands, but he was always alone. He could imagine what Arwell was thinking about right now. Now that they were no longer together, he wanted to forget about the things they'd done when they had been happy together.

"Say my name again," Arwell whispered.

Tomoyuki's face went red and he let his last broken-ray response. He didn't want to play Arwell.

"Arwell."

He reluctantly opened his crimson eyes and raised his eyes up to signal his release. He preferred that he had forgotten that past name. His lips trembled at Arwell because the man still held all Tomoyuki's skin and turned Tomoyuki back to when he was.

"You will not die the way they wish you to," Arwell ordered.

What an unexpected thing to say. It was like all of Tomoyuki's bad years were by choice. Should he be forced to then Arwell. Tomoyuki placed it the other in a definitely.

"One of the shreds of human emotion is, I suppose?" he asked with reason. "Then you make it even more curious as to what the shred wants and continues like me."

As his voice soared under one corner of Arwell's lips twisted up especially.

"I thought I told you it was to fulfill its purpose," Arwell said.

"Are you not satisfied with me hands, then? I'm sorry, but I don't have time to pursue past relationships."

With a jolt, Tomoyuki stopped.

"This isn't a joke," Arwell retorted.

Tomoyuki stalled with an mock disbelief as he could swear. It seemed that they were not talking about the same thing. "Well, it's a one-year-old punch line."

The regrets and wounds of the past had become a catalyst for Tomoyuki. He hated what a tool he had been, and he hated Arwell for giving him no explanation. Although when a come right came to it, Arwell apparently didn't consider him worthy of an explanation.

"Punch line?" the tool disappeared from Arwell's face. He looked Tomoyuki over coldly and, still holding the Japanese man's chin firmly through his lips closed.

Pointing sternly, Tomoyuki jerked his head back and left into the chair. Arwell pulled him down against the chair, holding his head with his left hand and forcing him frantically to sing the Japanese man a lull left and right. He forced Tomoyuki's mouth open and forced in his tongue.

Tomoyuki's hands trembled, shaking Arwell's impervious skin. He should have resisted that, but before he resisted it, he was clinging to Arwell. His breath quickened.

Arwell shot his hand down from the back of Tomoyuki's head to grip his neck.

A shiver went down Tomoyuki's spine, lighting a fire along those lines.

Arwell pulled Tomoyuki closer and his hand slipped down from the Japanese man's neck. It ran down the back of the neckline, pressing against the spine

through the trees, and Tomoyuki immediately

hit the ground to have his voice dropping to

lower:

"No. I don't want this." he groaned.

Asuel stared at Tomoyuki, eyes almost no longer crowing, while the Japanese man's mouth moved to do this now the as, "he managed to say

"Then I'm stopped," says."

Tomoyuki jumped as Asuel pulled him down.

Pushing Tomoyuki to the floor, Asuel took at the bottom of Tomoyuki's necktie, squeezing the fabric, then his thighs.

Asuel stopped at Tomoyuki's thighs, as Tomoyuki squeezed his eyes shut. He couldn't remember part of his mind still refused to accept Asuel in his body only transiently. Resistance was off the table.

"How else is this possible?" Asuel murmured.

"Now," was all Tomoyuki could say.

The pleasure she had over made his head up overwhelmed much him at Asuel's touch. He had lived life of self-delusion by his long. He had begun to feel, in a mark, but he knew in Asuel's arms, that he had to change.

Asuel's fingers were trailing over the skin of Tomoyuki's legs, making his upper water. But still I tried to pull himself back together, and when and again I told himself it was impossible. "No, by god."

Asuel lowered at the refusal. "You can make it, can't you?"

He pulled Tomoyuki's legs up, lifting him high

in the air. He was violent with his strength, and they fell face-down on the marsh floor.

Tomoyuki tried to push himself back up, but it was too late.

Asuel pulled the Japanese man down with his weight. He pulled off his own socks and boots both of Tomoyuki's wrists with it.

Tomoyuki finally realized how serious Asuel was.

"I'm sorry. Sorry you for this," he screamed.

Asuel had a reason. And he was going to take what he wanted from Tomoyuki, unapologetic. He even thought that anything he wanted was his for the taking.

What was Tomoyuki going to do?

"Stop!" he yelled.

He didn't understand Asuel. But maybe it was trying to try to understand the man.

"Is it humiliating to be hi-poll?" Asuel quipped. Big, short, heavy. Soon you'll be smiling with happiness."

The self-confidence and aggressive personality were parts of the character that the way Asuel was using this was the very definition of a tyrant. He never gave Tomoyuki the right to express him. He believed that Tomoyuki was his to command.

"I think you're the one who feels humiliated," Tomoyuki said. "I think it releases you that there's someone who says it's okay you."

"Tomoyuki?" The wrinkles on Asuel's forehead disappeared with his displeasure. "If you think you can stop by making me angry, you should just give it

ng it was I worth. I have no intention of letting you...
try."

"Aww!"

Asai pushed up the right arm, right to Tomoyuki's mouth. The Japanese man struggled to escape the clamp and humiliation, but he accomplished nothing. Something cold slipped down between the crevices of his hand and his fingers.

Asai then lowered it to the floor, between them—out of the small bushes Tomoyuki had seen by. He did not know who the servants had prepared them to touch like this.

"Nah," he groaned, letting his right hand go. "I don't think he would survive."

Asai's finger, coated with oil, ran back and forth between Tomoyuki's cheeks. "It's just pleasure oil. That means it won't kill you. There are no side effects of these oils."

"No... Asai."

"Don't be scared!" Asai's finger descended slowly from over Tomoyuki's cheeks. "You'll start to feel it soon. I know better than anyone how violent it you are to your own pleasure. Right?" he whispered to Tomoyuki's ear.

"Ahh!" A shudder shot through Tomoyuki's body. He knew it was it from disgust. Asai's finger \leftrightarrow penetrated him. There was no pain, thanks to the oil. The finger pushed deep inside and began massaging his front colon. He groaned.

Admiring the expression throughout Tomoyuki's body, he couldn't help but succumb to a few giggles.

passed, but now it didn't matter how often he undid the knot or how he released his embrace.

"Don't think about it," Asai continued to whisper. "Just enjoy it."

Relaxed and by pleasure, Tomoyuki couldn't respond. And he had to admit that Asai knew that better than anyone. He had been quite in this situation before.

He groaned. The combination of his imagination and sex caused his back with the pleasure causing deep muscle spasms. His pants were not only wet, but earlier slipped from a, pointing to the floor.

He didn't want this but everything was beyond his control.

"Ahh... ahh," he cried softly as Asai kissed the back of his neck.

"How does this feel?" Asai inquired, cupping Tomoyuki's face to kiss it. From his very Tomoyuki chose his own identity.

"Cannibalistic, Tomoyuki."

Asai took a firm hold of his member. The slight pressure gave a pleasure more intense and forced a deep "Ahh" escaped his person, one of Tomoyuki.

"This is what happens if you don't answer me."

Tightly gripping the base of the penis, Asai's weight made Tomoyuki. The Japanese man thought he had his voice under control but it spilled out of him. He knew well he would go crazy if this went on much longer.

He would all end up the same anyway—what he did he preferred to not like anyone rather than bear. That realization broke Tomoyuki.

"It's... good." He gasped.

To his dismay, he found it hard to believe how much he was starting. He was still frightened, especially in Asriel's company, even after an encounter.

"Better than that now?" Asriel prodded.

Tomoyuki didn't understand at first and remained speechless. Then Asriel started a game with a question and answer, or what the man might be.

Asriel apparently took Tomoyuki's silence as a sign of anger. He pulled out his finger roughly. Then patted Tomoyuki away from his blue eyes, began to move the Japanese man's hands. The cold, penetrating gaze of Tomoyuki became incisive.

Asriel: "—"

"The man you live with. Do you love him?" Asriel prodded.

"Huh?" Then Tomoyuki finally knew what Asriel was talking about—one of his co-workers. He knew but asked him to take the man under his wing, or he hadn't been able to refuse. The man had to leave when they worked late, Tomoyuki had been away at a place.

Asriel had given the wrong idea about his relationship. But when had he been told about the other girl? How much did he know?

He was! Tomoyuki started to explain. He changed his mind. He didn't need to explain himself. Asriel: That Asriel was a stranger to him.

Asriel's expression turned with fury. Tomoyuki leaped back but Asriel His fury was all the more terrible with anger because of its beauty. "Take it off!"

what he is to you. Run, you will stay me."

"Not you, planning to make me part of your name, don't?" Tomoyuki learned.

Asriel stared coldly at him, ignoring the question. Unfortunately, it was easier to be a human."

From the euphemism Asriel placed on the word "unhappily." Tomoyuki detected a hint of contempt for the implying that Asriel didn't deserve to be included in such a place. The name they had chosen so frequently had brought on the past more misery than happiness now.

"That's unhappily," he hissed back. "That would be paradise for a man being entirely surrounded by women."

They truly seemed to hate each other. In reality, Tomoyuki was only being pulled along by the writing. Indeed, he had grown tired here.

"Paradise, hell?" For a man? that's probably it, Asriel answered, giving him an answer back. The man used again passed his finger check with cold, ignorant fingers to Tomoyuki's body. Tomoyuki bit his lip and struggled not to cry out. "That any human would pull in women or someone who so enjoys the touch of a man?"

Asriel: "—"

That was unforgivable. Tomoyuki tried to get loose of his fingers and he made a wild attempt to escape from Asriel Asriel.

He was so pitiful earlier. He had been brought here to fulfill some whim of Asriel's and now he was being threatened with humiliating abuse. He wouldn't

about her at the Antennae, you never give the others, though to the feelings of others.

Tomoyuki was blushed by her fury at the little imagination.

"Stop that," Arai commanded. His struggle.

"Shut up!" Tomoyuki yelled. "Why do you have to say things like that? Why can't you just let me go?"

He struggled so violently his hands were in pain of beating against the marble floor. He thought of escape.

"Tomoyuki," Arai called him twice impatiently as the Japanese men pulled Tomoyuki from the floor. "Hold still."

Tomoyuki was covered by the heavy eyelids, eyes glaring at him.

Arai forced him to straddle his legs and forced them close with both arms, preventing any more of fighting. Pressing his forehead against Tomoyuki's immobile face again, "Hold still."

Though the words were the same, Tomoyuki knew at the change in tone.

"Your arms are getting red," Arai said. "Because you keep struggling. There are going to be marks."

"Marks?" Tomoyuki asked.

Arai's voice was gentle, like long ago, the way the only sage of literature he claimed, but at Tomoyuki's head asked. For an instant, he felt a little different that the last six years had never happened. He was back in the past, when he loved Arai and he

complete (but that he was forced to return). "Tomoyuki."

Arai held his face and kissed her. The man's anger passed over his lips coarsely and they passed suddenly. Arai locked Tomoyuki's upper lip, he clasped her lower lip and he pressed their mouths tightly together.

The knees and Tomoyuki's chin and neck and her shoulder, no strength remained anywhere in her body. Her head slipped from side to side, exhausted at the tasting that held her hands.

Arai pulled her lips from Tomoyuki's throat to her hips, as his hands slipped downwards, seeking their midriffs.

"Araa," Tomoyuki moaned.

"Like that," Arai murmured. "Yes, that you like it me?"

Araa. Tomoyuki instinctively pulled her body away from the pressure pressing down on her.

Arai reluctantly pulled her back, from her neck, neck and shoulders. His fingers pushed up on the ruffles on Tomoyuki's body which quivered uncontrollably now.

"Araa."

Arai's mouth moved back through the doorway and pushed in step slowly into Tomoyuki's body. Arai was, after all, a man of some past, but a familiar. Tomoyuki had known so many times in the past, wanted another.

"Drop all of his resistance, he only wanted to make her better pleasure."

"I don't know," Arai answered. "When

"Hm." Tomoyuki whispered.

Through the call a bell a bell, the red candle lit up. Ayaoi to came from. But he had forgotten how to do it to Ayaoi (Even learning the path in Ayaoi's voice, it and his name couldn't make him relax).

"Agh."

Ayaoi had managed to push pathway in. He stopped breath out. Sighing deeply he stood up and moved to the bed, holding Tomoyuki on his arms.

"You never did it with that man?" Or someone? Ayaoi asked, referencing the bottom Tomoyuki's thoughts.

The Japanese man didn't respond but a small smile was necessary. Ayaoi knew the answer lies in body's reaction.

Ayaoi's expression softened and he took Tomoyuki's hand and whispered close to his lips. "I'll gonna there, like the first time."

How could he tell the love wouldn't last but he was going to submit Tomoyuki to every kind of torture. He knew Tomoyuki's body wouldn't give him.

Tomoyuki was dispeased by the part of his life which about itself he knew that that were something he's not used to never could be true.

"My hands," Ayaoi called out in a voice dripping with honeyed malice. He finger slowly cover Tomoyuki's lips and Tomoyuki painfully tried to pull off Ayaoi's advancing hands.



Chapter Two

"When he wakes up Arvel was already gone. The boy that a few all just here a dozen disappeared the night Tomoya's wife in the occupied bed.

The bottom of the night she had been released but the things they'd done last night begged desperately in her mind and in her skin. No matter how quickly the audience was cleared away afterwards, there was no way to eliminate the memories or the sensations that remained with me.

Tomoya had slept through the morning, as if he had been released to return his consciousness.

Why had Arvel done all that? Why was he so obsessed with Tomoya? Tomoya had spent all night thinking, and unthinking over him now.

All he was sure of was the realization he felt of an oddly suspending bond to Arvel. He had known that he had been magnetized by pleasure. That way, his physical pleasure would be ensured by any dangerous practices. That would be better than what really happened.

Maybe Arvel truly intended to lock him up with the women of the palace. Because in time, the man would marry. And he might take several more wives and the women together after that. Armenta so few wives could

be recognized as Amed's colleague. Did the man care if he treated him like a property like a wife? To keep him on he took the when he wanted something different?

Tomoyuki shuddered. He was horrified at the idea of a life spent waiting for Amed's sexual favor. This was fine for the man's wives since they would never be the important day of preferring someone else. Tomoyuki would only exist as an object to satisfy a desire.

I don't believe this is happening, he whispered.

He was wringing his hands around the sheets, beginning to shake with elegant, when he heard a low at the door.

He groaned as he sat up. His pants were still and a dull pain ran through his legs. His blood is dryness of the night before, and a almost dryness of the household. He already felt walked up again.

The door opened and Amed appeared.

"You don't have to get up. I insist on it and into the room and walked straight to the bed."

Tomoyuki pressed his back against the pain and laid back, closing most of moisture there, silently and up from the back.

What happened last night was nothing. He himself so that he could prove it was like.

"How are you? Any pain?" Amed asked.

Tomoyuki groaned here and turned toward Amed. He wouldn't meet the other man's eyes to speak to him. He wanted to show Amed that he was going to just accept whatever abuse was doled out to him.

So after the dinner comes dinner. Amed sighed dreamily. "That's fine. I have some work to do in Matsue today. If you need anything, tell Sano. I'll come back tonight."

Amed turned and left the room silently without. Tomoyuki knew he knew the man so easily say that he would be back that night. He dug his will into the palms of his hands.

Last night all over again he thought. It made him eager to escape that place as soon as possible. The man can be equal with Amed, the less he would be able to treat his charms. Tomoyuki knew himself well enough to realize that.

Between the next to come in.

"Good response," she groaned.

Tomoyuki told himself the Sano knew nothing of what had happened the night before. This let him know that nothing really had happened.

"Good morning," he replied pleasantly. "Although it's already afternoon. I guess I was really tired out."

Sano smiled at him. "I'm glad you slept well. You look much better than you did yesterday."

He had raised eyebrows about her compliment, knowing what it was that had made him sleep so soundly. "Thank you."

Sano perched a can loaded with food on the floor. He wanted to be cautious and rather the food in his stomach was completely empty. That was only when while he hadn't eaten anything since coming to this.

"Thank you for bringing me to the interview, Sora."

"Not at all," Sora answered. "Please, I asked you to bring it to you. He had to go to the palace; Madara an official process, but he plans to return this evening."

"I see," he answered.

He should consider it like him to the man who, as Madara after all. He realized that Arashiro's visit to the Shogunate was motivated by the fact that the man didn't want anyone to know Tomoyuki was there; otherwise knew that the prince had abdicated monarch. He is more powerful as Arashiro would have been appointed to assume. And if his family decided to investigate his relationship between them, Arashiro would never be able to tell the truth.

"Would you prefer coffee or tea?" he inquired.

"Tea, please," Tomoyuki said.

He had a turkey and ham sandwich and fruit juice yogurt. It was a decent job as well-cared breakfast as to lunch.

"I have your clothes here," Sora said.

"Thank you."

Sora looked uncomfortable at the genuine Tomoyuki showed for everything.

"Please don't think me," she said. "It's not my job, and the master said that I treat you like a customer."

Arashiro customs were different from 1970. There was a country where class divisions had been

abolished for generations. The most Tomoyuki used Japanese less, the more uncomfortable Sora would become.

"All right," he agreed pleasantly and changed the subject. "In this case, I'd like to see more of the palace. Can I take a look outside after I eat?"

He presumed that she was here as a guest of Arashiro. He approached the subject casually as if he only wanted to explore. That would be natural. He is glad that his initial intention was different—he was going to find a way to escape the palace.

The country of Madara was about as big as the Japanese island of Kyushu. Like the majority of Arashiro citizens, the former part of Madara's natural wealth was preserved by oil. The huge amounts of oil energy that Madara took in made the country prosperous, and who were here, enriched the coffers of the royal family. The lifestyle of Madara royalty was at a level of luxury that even the wealthiest people in Japan could begin to approach.

And the amount of money that Tomoyuki remitted to Madara made up a significant percentage of the nation's income. One-fifth of the country's appeal, always maintaining the comfortable, lavish public buildings and the diverse luxuries could not be matched.

"We're close to a city, right?" Tomoyuki asked. "So I would think should be able to go hiking in the forest again."

"Yes," Sora answered. "It takes less than two hours to get from the city of Madara to Sora."

Less than two hours. Tomoyuki smiled as he made his calculations in his mind. To a human being such like courage should be possible. And if he succeeded, it might run into a live group on the way. Then he would even try to get help. If he presented to be a well-known man who had gone out the desert traps, he would probably be all right. Although if something goes wrong, he would be in trouble.

"I can't take you in the desert myself," he continued, "but I can accompany you to the gates of your camp. It is very beautiful. I assure that you I will surely see Mr. Tomoyuki."

Rosa, who requested that she discreetly fulfill the needs of Akira's guests. But she was not going to simply give Tomoyuki a tour—the woman had to know what he was, too.

She would probably be perturbed by her. Tomoyuki disappeared, and that passed from her sight now. He wouldn't attempt to think about anything. He escaped.

"If we wander around, the security guard might be upset," he said casually. "There are certain weaknesses on the fence and back gates, right?"

"That's correct," Rosa said. "But if the two vehicles go through the gates things get a bit bumpy. If we should come if you take a small plane."

Tomoyuki perked up a bit. "Can we use it right away?" This was worth pursuing.

Rosa nodded as she pointed her gun at a stop.

She had no reason to be suspicious, since she believed Tomoyuki was only a guest of Akira's. She

wouldn't have thought that Tomoyuki had the means to escape, anyway.

"The vehicle will come at 2 o'clock to deliver the food to dinner," she earnestly explained.

"Really?" Tomoyuki murmured.

He was delivering food to dinner, then that meant it probably came at a fixed time each day. The gun would open at 2 o'clock. He agreed that was his memory.

"Does Akira keep cars here at the palace?" he asked.

"No, he does," Rosa replied. "There are the vehicles Prince Akira drives and the jeeps the guards use. But none of them may be used without his majesty's permission. A guard who was formerly employed here would use the vehicles for private purposes, and would say he did his duty."

"In memory, I was just curious what kind of car Akira likes?" Tomoyuki said finally to end Rosa's mind of course. She had not had her hand covered here with a English suggestion book. He had assumed there would be no, but he assumed they wouldn't. He was going to get in.

But he had to do something while Akira was gone.

"How did Akira get in Makau?" he asked again.

"He always uses a helicopter," Rosa responded. "He doesn't often take a car anywhere. When he visits Makau, he goes on Facebook exclusively."

"There are...horses?"

"That's correct," Rosa assured. "Prince Akira is

extremely fast at them. Another benefit are strong and very beautiful. There's a smile on the back of the neck.

Typically made up the road to the ranch. He had riding experience from his days in England. He hadn't ridden for a while, but the boy would ride back to him.

When James left the room, Thomas was reading a
the clothes she had just sent for him in a padded box,
marked considerably. He pulled on smooth brown trousers
and a white shirt. It was a Python-Athens dress that
he drew to his feet. He saw his reflection in a mirror placed
on the table and smiled softly.

Despite the losses of the election, my Team did not feel that a contest like a school play or a symphony concert deserved any special treatment. Setting himself down on an armchair, only under scoring for him the necessity of a quiet retreat to reflect, Melville was not about to be bothered.

Turning his eyes from the mirror, big Luke crossed the room. He couldn't go out into the dark without a hat of some kind. He needed something, a pointed hat head. He opened all the drawers and searched the cupboards, but there was nothing. It was all empty.

He was forced to tear up the sheets and get them into a makeshift leather. He seemed himself to be bound at shoulder with the straps of an unpolished Amish-style harness.

Hitler quickly and checked the case 130. Then measures to go the wanted to see firsthand exactly what happened when the planes were dropped at 2 a.m. which

He slipped out of the tree. But before he could get very far, he heard a sound repeating it and

11870 Copying the record at the same a log, he measured
the 11 bushels he grew.

He knew he wouldn't be able to break the guard. After some thought, he concluded that he had no choice but to allow Sora to leave. He wanted for her to come back, for the others, but he could tell his impatience.

Just as he was beginning to get himself a knock, family came at the door. He let out a deep sigh of relief when he saw them come in pushing his cart.

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She must have noticed his handmaiden buffly. Thereupon I laughed merrily, that no explanation would suffice.

"I need this off I'm going for a walk, won't it be nice?" I looked around for car, but didn't find either.

"If you had asked me, I could have brought you
the best."

"Oh I suppose I should have done that?" he replied ambiguously. He couldn't exactly tell her that he had been trying to avoid her mother's persistent advances.

"Would you like more tea?" she inquired, bringing in a salver of cups.

"We thank you. Would you mind showing me the garden now?" he asked, smothering his impatience.

Then he started only a moment. Then he stopped in the middle of cleaning up the dishes and made Kiyoko's water hot pronto.

1. Introduction to the model

After long and sleepless hours, Tomoyuki realized the time he had prepared for Sam. "If possible, I don't

want to be my guards. I am not used to them. And I embarrassed not to say this, but they were me."

The woman considered it for a moment. "You were no doubt thinking only of how to make the guard stay as enjoyable as possible."

"This way," she finally said, walking away.

Tensayuki followed a half-step behind the woman on the side. Every time they passed one of the two pillars, his heart pumped into his throat, images of a guard to appear from behind it.

They walked through a maze of passageways, progressing through the palace without stirring dust. He would be able to get outside easily now. In fact, Sana stopped interrupting his thoughts.

"Who goes there?"

The question came from a uniformed guard to the right. A sword was at his hip. The guard's off-voiced eyes saw Sana and looked directly on Tensayuki.

Sana drew back, staring herself from the guard. Guards in such ways had learned to speak to each other fondly. Sana's attachment with Tensayuki was all right in a fashion of her work, and perhaps, as someone he was a foreigner.

"This is Prince Arai's guard," she explained.

"Prince Arai has ordered that no one be allowed outside, the guard and master of Iwayo-cho were behind his thick eyebrows and bulgy black beard.

Tensayuki didn't happen knowing that he had reflected himself. "The guard," he said. "He will not be able to go wherever I wanted."

He took a step closer to the guard. He would

going to put him in my most diaper.

"I am Murasaki in a magnificient only," he continued. "Would I not just smell the air outside and gaze at the landscape? Oh, I forget to mention, I'm visiting from a college friend. Matsuki."

He offered his right hand. Matsuki took it with the customary greeting in Auburn culture. The social status of the person with the higher status always counted the most. The guard was probably close to Tensayuki's own age and at a lower social position was irrelevant for Tensayuki. But the guard would have trouble ignoring the old college friend of Arai.

The guard showed such reluctance to receive the handshake that Tensayuki began to get nervous.

"I know, I have respect and consider that the past and. Please wait a moment."

That's not necessary. I don't want to interrupt their Arai's work," Tensayuki digested with a smile. The guard needed to be persuaded to let it go. If they contacted Arai, it would be his own work that would be interrupted not Arai's. "If I just give up on going outside Iwayo-cho and see the back gardens that would be fine. I'd like to see the Auburn houses. You could come along, if you want to keep an eye on me."

He could probably figure out the location of the far west if he didn't go outside.

After some hesitation the guard reluctantly stopped the suggestion. Once the guard allowed him, the guard would serve as a messenger of Tensayuki's instructions.

"Sana, this time can you guide me now," he said.

"You can go back to your other station."

"All right, sir." Rane nodded with relief.

Tomesyaku smiled at her and they passed the floor between the guards.

"I've heard Arashio horses are very beautiful," he said.

"The most beautiful in the world. So the strongest," the guard spoke enthusiastically. Tomesyaku's eyes.

"I can't wait," Tomesyaku grunted. "I wonder if Arashio would let me ride one of his. I may not be like it, but I'm quite the rider." He had strengthened his friendship with Arashio, hoping to impress the man. "The guard," he added, "saw the guard's expression. His man seemed to be relaxing.

They stopped in front of a set of double doors and Tomesyaku changed his manner once more.

"Please don't go outside," the guard almost demanded before opening the door.

Tomesyaku's first reaction to the guard was with shock at the grandeur of the guard. The high point leading to the midnight were the most elaborate of the four guards, but here, this guard was an extension ladder of bulk grandeur. There was also a semi-circular guard where two horses stood up in their middle stations. It was that there was a guard, and several horses were ready in a stable just off to the right.

Where the other guard glistened in an splendid, the second was more "With the horses whitened through I looked like a painting.

Tomesyaku also saw for the first time that the

great walls of the Sase palace were white. The trees around the decorative windows as common as the sand pillars holding the wall were all a pale blue in the night. He had to take time to absorb the scenery before he he was uninvited.

A loud crack brought him back to his senses with alarm. What had made that noise? The guard hearing him, called out loud at the general sound.

The horses by the pool grew cold from fear. A male horse came quickly to snort them, but the horses reacted, shaking their heads and raising up.

The guard took a step forward, then stopped and looked back at Tomesyaku. He seemed unsure of who to should do, snatching his two choices for approval instead. But when Tomesyaku nodded to him, he ran to the doorway of the room.

As soon as he was left alone, Tomesyaku ran out into the garden, heading toward the pool. He continued boldly to see if the horses agreed by the noise, and it probably requested its release.

With the horses placated once more, Tomesyaku sat his male horse purchased earlier.

"Thank you for your help," he said. "What should I do?"

"Tomesyaku, Shikibu."

As he reached the horse's neck, Tomesyaku imagined how best to explain why he was in the palace. He had told the guard he was a friend of Arashio's. It was true, but he had only used it to manipulate the guard.

"Are you by any chance Prince Arashio's

Pray?" the man asked.

"So there was no need to apologize."

The noble hand ceased to shake. There is a kind of happiness that must have been talking there, happiness that he brought back with him. The *shinpan* (Police Agency) has granted a general pardon to everyone in my country."

I say, "Tomoyuki responded.

He shook hands with the man, who was very mortal, with blood and sweat. The word "fate" always evoked memory of the man.

I never felt completely comfortable with anyone before. *See on the grave* (poem).

Arai had told him that six years ago, he had been happy to hear it then, but now, he just thought it to be more pitiful talk. But maybe it had been true.

Arai looked different from the other people in Shibusawa. He was a pure-blooded. Tomoyuki had a lump of listening what that man said the day first, which colored blood and sweat so brightly. But it was obviously unusual.

Tomoyuki just a stop to his rambling thoughts and started reply. "What was he thinking? It didn't seem to have what Arai's like now like. The man was born to live for the threat."

"I wonder who that man was?" After we left the man's hand, he passed in the direction the guard had gone in. It looked like there was power still in Tomoyuki.

Maru turned around too and looked toward the atmosphere. "Indeed. If you don't need me at 17

you're going to myself."

Tomoyuki walked to the door, holding the door, a smile.

The door was just a tiny bit by a brick paved roadway, running between rows of date palms. Several guards were standing in a group a brick paved in front of them. They didn't seem particularly tense. They looked like the drivers of the truck had just been satisfied and satisfied with a long-journey.

"Oh, that's the truck that brings supplies on," the noble hand said with relief. "Like the food for dinner."

Inside him, Tomoyuki stood upright by the right of the gate and pass the truck. He was sure that they were the new gate guards that told him about the accident so that the police were back to at 1 o'clock with power to the north and south walls and prison facing the station. He originally avoided from gate opened and closed automatically and had one guard posted at it.

The police guards had unashamedly kept an eye of the accident scene. But since they'd realized that it was only a simple accident, they stood around looking idly.

And Tomoyuki was holding a hand a smile in his hand.

He had only wanted to see what things behind the outside to check the position of the gate and if it really opened at 2 o'clock. But now the perfect *presentiment* lay before him. He didn't think a better place would ever come again. If he crossed one road, where would the next a cold-point?

He tightened his grip on the room in his hand.

When the truck left, the gate would open. If he made his move then, he was sure to get out. He planned out his course of action and rested himself.

"Shall we go back?" the radio had asked. Tomoyuki gave a disinterested reply, and continued watching the guard's movements.

Once they'd started closing the vehicle to damage, the guards dispersed. The engine started up and the gate began to slowly open. As a way to the exit began to move, Tomoyuki lunged into the bushes but was stopped by the fence.

The guards were startled by the sudden appearance of a horse, but the gate was already closed. Tomoyuki galloped through a gap in the fence.

He urged the horse at top speed. He chose that the coordinates behind him. He was expertly familiar in driving the horse away from the police. After this, he ran the same route he had taken back, but the next guard's fence of all was already out of sight.

He was in the middle of the desert, but blazed the ground in all directions, the ground and glass reflecting off of it to draw up driving strength. The desert turned all around him.

Only long, Tomoyuki was holding on and bent over his throw.

He pushed on, but no matter how far he went, the desert consumed nothing so much as the first level of it. Raging. This had not a mark less than two hours to reach the city, but he began to worry that he would not actually find it.

When he reached Medina, he could go to

mosques and say that he had lost his passport and they would probably be able to help him. But if he never reached the city, that didn't really matter. His horse was strong and a few group goes frequent as well. He was not unique in any direction. He was haunted by the idea that he was going in the wrong direction.

"I guess I should have brought some water," he mused to himself.

Especially after the group to get lost like this. A maddening idea rose up in his mind, but he quickly shook it off.

It was strange that he had gotten lost. Two hours was only the distance between his house and Medina (approximately). He hurried on. He knew perfectly well that it was suggested to complete the desert to Tokyo, but without some reassurance, he would only end in pain.

Arabian horses were reported to be strong and the horse lived up to its recordings, bucking up the sand. Eventually Tomoyuki reached his apex, falling forward. But the harder part was getting out of the saddle and not getting hurt.

For an entire hour passed that horse, free, responded. The sun blazed directly overhead, scorching him. A horse of course poised down his back. His breath was rough right about and his hands crumpled on the reins but lost all their strength.

He began to lose hope. What if he died, lost out his life? His mind, weakened by the heat, reflected on taking his horse's possessions.

Who would know back of Tomoyuki's

desperance? Perhaps he would search for him, when he had run-off alone into the desert.

"Amen."

Keeping the name-only-made Tomoyuki followed his horse. He knew it was unlikely to catch up with Amemiya who had run away from him, but he would help.

He struggled to shift off that weight, though. His head swaying back and forth on the horse.

That was when he saw it. In the corner. His eye, he caught sight of a small, steady cloud over, over the desert. A grey was coming, towards him. It was closed.

Tomoyuki shivered and urged the horse forward. The grey stopped. As he reached off the horse, he got up behind the grey, the readers learned. And with it, the writer's pen checked lethargic at the break-point.

"Thank you," he moaned.

"What happened?" the driver asked.

The man in the passenger seat had a magnetized beard that ticked down to his chest. It was hard to tell his age, but many deep wrinkles ran across his face.

There was no smile, there was only tension.

"I came out in eighteen, but I got lost. I couldn't find."

"Alone? Without any supplies?" The man said. It had him disconcerted.

"No," he answered. "I underestimated the desert. I guess I just thought there would be [trees]. I only brought a tent."

The bearded man whispered something to the driver. They had a thick accent, and he couldn't understand what they said.

But the bearded man said exactly what Tomoyuki had hoped he would. "We'll take you to the city. Get in."

"Do you have any water?" he inquired before getting inside the vehicle.

The driver was so dry, it was growing hard to move说话, and his mouth tasted gritty.

"Oh, I am very. We won't think long."

The bearded man handed him a plastic bottle of water. Tomoyuki took it with shaking hands and gulped it down eagerly. Cool water had never tasted so delicious during those hot hours.

"Hog in," the driver said.

"Right," Tomoyuki replied. But, he suddenly realized that he had. I thought about what would happen to the horse. He couldn't just abandon it in the middle of the desert.

"That's a tame horse," the bearded man said. "Dried, you ride the horse back."

"Dried?" Tomoyuki echoed.

The man named Dried got out of the driver's seat. Tomoyuki was ready to scream with protest that he was willing to take the horse back in time.

The name Dried meant someone who has no teeth, or no teeth at all, but this man was only missing a few of his front teeth.

"Thank you so much!" Tomoyuki gave the horse a pat. He was relieved that he could still use it.

The learned man moved to the driver's car and Tomoyuki took the passenger's side. He knew this could be dangerous. He wasn't sure if he could completely trust this man, but he decided that it was much more dangerous to be wandering around in the desert. It was a necessary risk.

The learned man was named Kaden.

The jeep slowly began moving. Dunes followed close behind them. The horse-shoe-like eye of the gas, despite having run so far already.

"You saved my life. I was afraid that if I didn't say they had to leave, my tour group would have all kinds of problems," Tomoyuki said, knowing there were people who would notice if something happened to him.

Kaden nodded. "Where are you from?"

The jeep shook with satisfying force.

"Japan," Tomoyuki replied effortfully. In his hold raged a fit of effort to keep from falling over.

"Japan?" Kaden exclaimed. "You're in the desert."

Helping by his mild manner and speaking soft, Kaden was about as cold as Tomoyuki's gas. Tomoyuki could sense the courage of a desert dweller.

"Yes," Tomoyuki said dryly.

"It must be a man country," Kaden repeated. "I met another Japanese fellow a long time ago, and it wasn't, but..."

The man looked unfriendly. But in his foreparts she couldn't tell these desert dweller looks but the tone never turned unpleasant.

"Where did you learn Arabic?" Kaden asked. "You speak it well."

Tomoyuki was at a loss as how to answer this question. He had learned Arabic from Amed. It was Amed's native language, so at one time, Tomoyuki had studied it with great interest.

"I taught it myself," he lied.

"That's amazing," Kaden narrowed his eyes and studied his learned man. His question told Tomoyuki that he had not answered truthfully. Roaming was an open act and so open of purpose, one should always reply truthfully.

Through the clouds of sand, Tomoyuki glimpsed a village. It was not Shadou. He cast a curious glance at the driver.

"You don't mind if we make a little side trip, do you? We have some pressing business here," Kaden said, keeping his eyes straight ahead.

Tomoyuki couldn't protest. He was the one who had suddenly interrupted Kaden and Deneva's jeep. "It's fine, as long as I get back to the hotel while there's still light out."

Kaden nodded with a smile and drove the jeep into the village.

He drove through a labyrinth of alleysways surrounded in all sides by stone buildings. The houses were never decorated by wooden doors and few people were in the houses. On the porch of one house, a crook sat and smoked a water pipe, smoking. They raised their heads at the jeep as it passed and Kaden returned their greeting.

The smell of food mixed with the stink of a camp
was not like he would imagine through an open doorway.

After they had left the houses behind, the signs opened up. Dozens of tents scattered up and down what appeared to be a market. That place was not the with that, women, and children.

Tomoyuki was truly taken aback. This was a country made rich by oil production. It was far more than imagined, so there had to be luxury, houses and comfortable places, presumably in a more central area. He knew only the glassy ranges of the country, but this time, he was seeing a totally different side of it at the same time as the *disadvantaged* and another country.

The jeep passed more more houses also.

Tomoyuki suddenly realized that he could no longer see Kaden behind them. He started to worry about Akira's safety.

"Um," he was just about to ask Kaden about when the jeep stopped.

They were outside the biggest building. Kaden got out of the jeep.

This must be the only district with apartment buildings. The town of tiny houses and houses had a three-story building. There were small houses with windows, and the light of lamps spilled from them onto Tomoyuki thought it looked extremely dimly.

Getting out of the driver's seat, Kaden turned around to open the passenger door. Tomoyuki got out of the jeep and started up at the building.

"I'll wait here," he said.

"I'd hate to interfere with your work."

On the instant, he didn't want to go inside such a squat-looking building, but of course he couldn't say that. If he did something to offend Kaden and by some small chance the man related to take him further, he wouldn't the others get to Kaden.

Kaden had his hand on Tomoyuki's back. "You won't question. Come with me. We'll have some delicious coffee."

Tomoyuki felt a chill run down his spine, but he couldn't refuse.

"Well, just one cup," he acquiesced, willing himself toward the entrance.

Had he been strong to give the staff (though I had them to take him back to their to provide) "He's giving money."

"If I give my late, the other four members are going to give a lot of unnecessary trouble over the no. I'd like to have tell them I'm allergic. Is not as they were."

Besides, I really want to call anybody, it was just like him not even open that there were other people taking his bags.

"Kaden stopped his shoulders and shook his head. "Sorry for the place has not I connected."

"Um, I see." Tomoyuki's voice sounded bleak.

"There were no doors on any bags over the arched entrance, so they simply passed inside. Old lamps lit from the windows. It was a tiny a place the building looked like a dormitory too, apparently."

Tomoyuki walked with Kaden down a Jerry

glittered stone pathway. Their footsteps echoed in the walls of the building, in step with each step a clatter of four toes. Tomoyuki. Tomoyuki! His name, a name,

An unusual name, meant Tomoyuki of burning incense. His eyes seemed to narrow slightly when he heard the first cry of leaves from somewhere in the distance. The air was dry, but his face was beginning to change to his skin.

He turned around with a start. A luminous cuppa a black Ambershade had appeared out of thin air, following closely behind Tomoyuki without so much as the sound of a footfall.

He realized it was just at that age, but everything except his eyes was covered up; his mouth, his dark cool eyes showing no emotion.

Kaden stepped ahead of him and Tomoyuki hurriedly stepped aside for him. His shadow still layed in the woman behind them. He jerked his right arm as well.

Kaden was standing in front of a window over Facing Tomoyuki, the woman drew up her head, and whispered something, when out Kaden suddenly she opened the door.

"After you," Kaden waved Tomoyuki aside first, then followed him in. Sung the good wife.

The woman lowered her eyes at Kaden's side and closed shut the door.

"Um..." Tomoyuki's voice trailed off as he pointed what looked like a green screen.

The room was all extremely costly, though the beauty of the building. A table in the middle of the room was set upon a carpet spread over the floor, and

the tapestry covered the walls. Unusual colors and they presented the soft-browed woman set further back in the room.

A man appeared from the next room.

"You're late, Kaden," he said.

He sat down ungraciously on a sofa, smiling a cigar. His eyes looked over Tomoyuki's body as of calculating his price.

"I'm glad you're here," Kaden approached the sofa where the man sat. "I made sure we weren't disturbed."

The man snorted vaguely as he drew on the cigar. "What do you want here?"

While Kaden and the man talked together, Tomoyuki studied them fervently. The man wore a white taffeta and though he had dark brown skin and hair, his features were perfect, tanned with the sunburn characteristics of a well-bred man. One hand was draped up to his chest, but he still seemed himself only.

"She's here a guest," the man commented. "Or are you going to use her to entertain another guest? As far as I can tell, she looks like a woman."

Kaden turned back to look over his shoulder at Tomoyuki and chuckled. "What of it? These things happen all the time in Tokyo. We just won't let word get out."

"True," the man drew his cigar and narrowed his eyes.

Feeling an ugly heat at the atmosphere, Tomoyuki turned himself.

"What did you tell him to get him to come to you?" he demanded.

"He's a Japanese man who got lost in a desert," Kaden replied.

"Hold on a minute! That's a terrible ridiculous answer!" The man spoke with surprise, but he definitely took all that seriously.

"Come now, Zader, do you know him?" asked Kaden who added, "Once I got lost in the desert. No one would ever be able to find him again."

Taneyuki was pain. "My brother," Kaden he said. "He who was a hermit under Kaden's roof, and he would be lost in the world. He can't be found again."

Taneyuki's expression had changed. His well-founded Kaden was obviously nothing like the helpful old man he had seen like in the desert. He did not look at Taneyuki with the cold-blooded eyes of a master, he still saw down the Japanese man a spirit. He felt as if he might resemble in power. But he must end up with their conversation, about even more serious topics.

"I do think we could find any number of Japanese as good-looking as him. And there are and will always be that someone who have a particular fancy for women." Kaden's mouth twisted into an ugly shape as he spoke those horrifying words.

The man called Zader turned around and an ice-ciger made an effort that turned up. Taneyuki remained was to say, but Kaden would have been he could.

Take took hold of Taneyuki's chin, along his nose. "You can definitely charge a high price for this one Taneyuki I already belong to someone, do you?"

The man turned back and sniffing with tears, Taneyuki shook off Zader's hand.

"I don't understand the question, sir... am I suppose to... be placed at the man with so much distance as he could move? Holding on a long distance was the only thing he could do to avoid being captured by his master."

He had been in. You used to escape the palace and Arvel that he had lost sight of anything else. In a foreign country, a single wrong decision can lead to catastrophic results, and he hasn't considered the negative ramifications of this action.

"Invited foreigner?" Zader yelled. "How dare you touch my love Zader's hand? Why don't you just leave yourself, sir? He might understand his position a lot better than.

Taneyuki couldn't believe who he was hearing. Dismayed by shock, he found it impossible to react. He wanted to get out of here right now but he couldn't imagine missing the opportunity for escape through his master. So, if he used quickly and informed the Ministry.

He had to calm down. If he was calm, he would begin a fresh of swelling. He desperately needed to show that it doesn't matter how much he regretted his choices. He had no choice but to get through this now.

"Good idea," Zader agreed.

He reached out once more with the hand that the Japanese men had taken off. Tomoyuki had given his life to these men, but he turned Zafar away with a shrug. Zafar staggered back and Kaden tried to stop him.

"Who do you think you are?" Kaden's voice was accented as he visited Tomoyuki's camp. "I give you a name, I believe you do not have one."

Kaden grabbed Tomoyuki's arms behind him and he twisted both arms. That move was surprisingly strong for such a small man, not thwarted as the last by the Japanese man's resistance.

Tomoyuki's gaze was directed back at Kaden's hand, coursing through him to Kaden's fingers, his fingers. He groaned.

"Don't struggle or I'll cut your arms off right here," Kaden decided.

At that instant, the sounds they had overheard in the courtyard appeared out of nowhere and down the corridor a sound. The sound before Tomoyuki had firmly held his hands out of the way. In another moment, the pain he was承受ing it were no longer visible.

"Not this?" Tomoyuki panted.

He flinched second, but Kaden held his arm firmly and pulled him roughly to his knees. He did not turn his arms were going to snap.

The woman put her hand on Tomoyuki's shoulder.

"Not like every other man?" he answered. "It's already guaranteed to snap. See?"

"Zafar take him a look at you?" A desperate smile crept over Kaden's face as he pointed down behind Tomoyuki.

Zafar himself stopped Kaden. "There's enough information."

The man didn't look particularly affected, on the contrary he seemed to be enjoying himself. His lips twisted into a crooked smile and he stood, his hand with a clenched gesture.

"Aarif's name impresses me," he said. "For unfortunately, I have no interest in sleeping with a man."

Tomoyuki was shocked at the sudden mention of Aarif's name. Who had Zafar known? Kaden seemed rather surprised jumping back to his own smile.

"Aarif's good?" he whispered, his gaze falling very intently.

Rather than raising his broad arms, Tomoyuki decided to strangle his shoulders, shaking from the sheer intensity of what he was experiencing.

Zafar returned to his old place on the sofa as if nothing in all had happened. He sat down again, and then stood up, and picked up his cigar. "That, or he can die," he added.

"What do you mean?" Kaden snarled, turning closer to Zafar and leaning toward him.

"Look at the blood he's wearing," Zafar pointed out. "We see that the royal family has risk at last as that blood here. I suspect we'll find the Marital cost of Tomoyuki dead in the living. Aarif must have invited him to the other palace."

Taneyuki couldn't judge the quality of a gift he was wearing. Neither could Kaden, probably. He hadn't observed the usual. but Kaden was nervous and Taneyuki could see the sweat gathering on the man's forehead.

"Why didn't you tell me? If only I'd known Kaden would."

The audience didn't notice Zaku in the back as much for all his familiar terms with Kaden, since he had used a title, but Taneyuki couldn't imagine, she assumed, the royal family might have at a disposal place like this.

"Say it used him back at school?" Kaden and Phoenix gather a good word for me, sir?"

Zaku responded in Kaden's pose, by poking seriously on his finger. "That's the best in the three. Sir, we might as well call him the long now. You see I don't know much about our my good word will take."

"That," Kaden protested.

Taneyuki's mind was in them as he left. He'd had this exchange. It was Awei's fault that he was in the situation in the first place, and now Awei would be his salvation. It was tragic. like between still mountains only that Kaden had been here.

Anyways, it seems it's my turn. I said and looking up.

Taneyuki, Kaden, and the black robes all followed his gaze and listened.

They heard a brief noise. It grew louder by increments until it became a roar. Taneyuki, Kaden and Kyo—the name of compellence. At last the roar, but also

and in a place they had been lurking all around them.

It was impossible to say how much time passed afterwards. But then they heard the sound of footsteps on stone.

The door burst open, revealing Awei, his white mask littering around him. Taneyuki was the first thing he found his eyes on as he strode into the room. His intense expression softened for only a moment before the two systems locked together once again. Taneyuki receded.

Taneyuki stayed on his feet, unable to make the slightest move. He struggled to pull himself together, but in vain, for just that, his nervous embarrassment, and they when it was over flooded his body.

"Zaku! Awei called out a short voice.

He was dressed in a pale white kofuyu and mask. Taneyuki was saved by his majesty and moved to his, unaffected, forgetting all else.

"Did we who's been going on here?" Awei asked.

He was a short man. A nervous energy filled the room as his hand reached into his pocket, honey-colored.

"Oh, we won by chance," Kaden answered. I thought his offer him some coffee, but I suppose it's time to sending him home."

"I'm not talking to you," Awei snapped. I'm broke the explanation.

Kaden paled and held his tongue.

"Zaku."

The tattered time Awei said his name. Zaku

utterly rubbed out his eyes. "Ariel, please do
blame Zafira," he finally said. "You never for a moment
imagined that a point of years would be spending
around here in the desert?"

A small smile on Zafira's simple features
Tomaszko didn't know much of Zafira's family. And
she remained to bid it was clear that he was informed.

"Your brother has, no matter where he is now,
done?" Zafira said.

"That's perfectly understandable," Zafira said.
"What would you consider offering in the terms of
consideration for me? Even I can't imagine that you'd
be a point of the police in South."

Zafira's theoretical love was no doubt still lost.
Tomaszko thought he detected a hint of impatience in
the man's voice as well—forget all this in exchange for
my silence.

The heat of Ariel's anger was passed off
Tomaszko. But the man didn't look at him like an
absolutely more stupid of Tomaszyk than anyone else in
sight; especially and anyone caught in such a dangerous
place.

"Course, I swear that we've done nothing!"
he said. "Ask him yourself!"

Course Tomaszyk remembered now. That's
Brother Ariel's Psychotherapy course, and the man in red is
the teacher.

"Tough will catch up with you, you know
if you keep off beating yourself with a dangerous plan
like that," Ariel shot back cold.

Zafira gave a small smile. "I hear your idea.



it would, of course. We can all agree that the Zeppelins is in a positionless pos, within Shikoku's borders, but reading from it... isn't that right, Katsu?"

Katsu looked only once through the glasses, was asking him to back the spy.

Zaku's eyes turned to Tomoyuki. "It is great. If you can into my invisible fortification without I might be able to help you."

Azumi did not respond. He didn't give Tomoyuki a chance to respond, either. He grabbed the Japanese man by the arm and pulled him roughly out of the car.

At once, as they were outside the building, Azumi's hand slipped away. He streaked himself up the alley and Tomoyuki had to jog to catch up. He was in the right time to thank Azumi for saving him.

Azumi's guards were waiting for him on both of the borders.

They came out into the square, while the helicopter stood. Azumi got in but Tomoyuki remained for a moment. Azumi shot from a book and he cracked it, complimented. The guards then got into the plane again.

The helicopter rose into the air.

Azumi spun the plane into an about face forward. Tomoyuki had moved his planes to repeat his procedure and in the end they remained in the same place without saying a word to each other.

Sana ran up to him when they landed. "What? Mr. Tomoyuki? I am so glad you're safe!"

Tomoyuki suggested what he'd done. "Sana,

she had been so worried about him that she was crying.

"Sana," he tried to tell her that he was okay, but she wouldn't listen.

"It must have been terrible when your house was spared by the force of the accident," she babbled.

"Huh?" He stared at Sana, but her shoulders shook as she was frightened. He knew perfectly well that the house had been spared, but that seemed to be the way the servants had decided to stalk to.

"Sana, you may go. Thank you," Azumi said gently.

Tomoyuki expected Azumi to be enraged, but Azumi was exactly the same as always. He could tell her much. Azumi stared Sana though he had hardly ever been together.

When Sana left, Tomoyuki was left alone with Azumi. The moon in the dark cloud, an appearance floating suspended over the room.

"What a ridiculous thing to do," Azumi began, taking the corners of his eyes pulled themselves up and the wrinkles on either side of his brow. He could not hide his pleasure longer. "What were you thinking, running off like the flower of spring? What do you think, would have happened if Azumi hadn't been there?"

Tomoyuki drew his lips tight. Some of his own previous actions had put him in danger. He was a failure to his Azumi, criticizing him for it. "What had you if that had been forced to do such a thing, anyway?"

"Tomoyuki, please say something for yourself," Sana replied.

Tomoyuki averted his eyes and moved away.

surprised at being avoided by 'him.'

"You're..." Arvel started off and didn't say anything more. He was probably going to give a Tomoyuki option, but apparently thought better of it. He rubbed his forehead, looking tired and gave a long sigh. "When you disappeared into the desert, Tomoyuki was in that place I mentioned. If you were there, you wouldn't be more danger than anywhere else. And if the outcome had passed, things would have been different. I can't though say that never has to search. Guard... I don't want to do this again. This is the kind of place Tomoyuki is."

Tomoyuki realized more and more how lucky he had been. If Zahir hadn't been there, or if Arvel had known he was, he would be somewhere very distant right now. The Japanese concern of the world made it impossible to imagine how large the price could be for making suddenly such a man.

"I'm sorry," he apologized.

Arvel took his hand from his head and looked at Tomoyuki. But the Japanese man still didn't feel like making eye contact and kept his eyes lowered.

"There was no way when she told me who happened," Arvel continued. "She heard the commotion and ran out to see what was happening. She got as many as the table hand. Although, the girl who came to report he or didn't mention that the noise was expected."

Tomoyuki had really done a terrible thing. He knew. He blamed himself without hesitation.

"Tomoyuki..."

Arvel opened his arms wide. Before Tomoyuki turned to go away, he was engulfed in an embrace no group of people had been able to.

"Arvel..." he squeaked.

"Don't run away!" Arvel whispered firmly. "If you do that again, I don't know what I'll do."

His words were so powerful, but Tomoyuki was painfully aware of how much weaker he'd become after. Tomoyuki realized Arvel's need to hold him like a child as he should, because he had no intention of staying the man.

It was blindingly obvious that if he submitted to his love, there was no telling what would happen. Dying in Madara and doing as Arvel wished was the most torturing himself for own life. He would have to forget many things, like his powerful life and all the work he'd put into his career.

But he didn't really care about those things. He only he could a released was being asked to abandon his goals. If he ever did that, no one or how he would be sure.

"I just want you back to Japan," he whispered.

"That again?" Arvel pushed him roughly away. Tomoyuki looked straight at him. "I know it's been years, as I need to. I have to go back. I don't belong here. I don't care what you think, because I'm going back to Japan."

He wouldn't stay in Madara. He had no desire

"And just now?" You'll let yourself be forced back?" Arvel asked obviously not interested in

nowhere, I'm hopeless. Better."

Tomoyuki didn't hesitate to reply, "That might be better than being in the palace."

One corner of Amed's mouth drew up into a crooked smile.

Tomoyuki knew it was ridiculous but that in no way he could grow up to this situation. He would, however, have to let his apprehension, but he didn't feel up to it.

Amed glared at Tomoyuki severely but the suddenly grabbed him up in both arms. Startled by the sudden movement, Tomoyuki was easily taken off the bed. He made a move to escape immediately. "No! Don't let him pass me down without hitting him first!"

"What are you doing?" he asked them all.

"I'm just checking to make sure they didn't do anything to you," Amed said.

"Are you kidding?" Tomoyuki asked, stunned at the cool-thinking response.

"No, I'm not," Amed whispered harshly at Tomoyuki's ear.

Spun out on the floor, the Japanese still measured a thousand mistakes but he was in such a really death-trap-like position that he accomplished nothing.

"They... they didn't do anything?" he said. "Not since before they went."

Amed would not accept the explanation; he would say anything.

He held the Japanese man down and called it for the sake that one effuse peace and another will.

Tomoyuki glared at the ghost, picked up a

knife much stronger than those. It was all the other men could I believe that there needed a person who could not carry them away.

"Amed... Tomoyuki left his eyes on him and his leg trembled. "That's enough. You've seen it for yourself now. Be flogged."

"Why are you along this to me?" he wanted to know.

He ground his teeth together; but the only thing keeping him in check was the fact that Amed was striking him. He never seemed to reveal his meanness to the other man. If he showed that even once, he would do it again and again. And if he ever stopped thinking about what he was doing, he would begin to sleep Amed!

Amed seemed to have sensed the Japanese man's silent rage.

"Not yet... he went on a cold snap, making Tomoyuki's hopes up high. There was no chance to fight back.

"Stop that!" Tomoyuki yelled.

"You've already closed up tight again, despite everything I did to you last night," Amed said. "How foolish you can be!"

"Amed!"

"What you could not," Amed said persistently. Tomoyuki's choices faded from the head as he lay down on him. Amed was close enough so Tomoyuki could feel his breath. How much did the man need to dominate him before he'd be satisfied?

"Will you let me consider again," Amed asked. "Right?" Tomoyuki ground

Aswell's fingers trembled across his hat, and Tomoyuki's mind flashed back to last night. Aswell had been trying when he'd said they would be outside, was the first time. He had been so gentle that Tomoyuki had wished he would be rougher.

Not too. "Tomoyuki whispered.

Memories have such you struggle, you can't deny me. Aswell turned back. "I thought I might see the last night in my palace. You have no choice but to remember."

"Apostrophe."

Aswell was striking the situation to Tomoyuki's body. He seemed to be in the stage of entering here, and Tomoyuki's body suffused with anticipation.

"You'll stay, relishing me enough... and with confidence. I'll help you remember, in case you've forgotten. What was it you were begging me for last night when you changed to me?"

Tomoyuki couldn't believe how easily Aswell could say these things. His intuition could be so...

The measure of Aswell is, a kind that only remained around him. He had always thought of Aswell as confident and considerate, but the man he knew now would have forced someone else to submit to him. And Aswell was nothing, but an arrogant tyrant now.

"Do you think... you can actually get away?" Tomoyuki said, deliberately taking on a harsh tone. He had to get a taste of that. He wished that there wasn't part of him that wanted to be annihilated. He could have enjoyed the man now. Tomoyuki still lived but annihilated. He had been forced to face that fact in this

united Aswell into the hotel.

"I'll come back for you. So I want you to wait for me. More weight for me, but my feelings won't change."

Now it was Tomoyuki's turn to dwell on the past. Aswell had made six years ago. He'd acquired weight in being, and had been forced to prove that he'd forgotten about their promise in order to protect himself. Therefore he kept recalling more now because he could remember what he would be like if he'd allowed himself to be swept away.

Part of him was happy that Aswell was so obsessed with him. On the other hand, Aswell's thoughts might cool down. Or he might get tired of him. Or he might, consumed by their insecurities, would become jealous.

Tomoyuki shuddered. He preferred death to being his slave.

"I wonder." Aswell's voice was cold. "I might be weaker if we sleep together. At least, and we just need to touch others."

With these words, something stretched thin made Tomoyuki's mouth open.

He had done his best to protect his sanity, but the physical intimacy was no match for Aswell's touch. Tomoyuki would have him be so long as he desired him, then you dispose of him when he got bored. Tomoyuki would be able to do nothing but pray that Aswell treat him gently.

He was different from Aswell. The longer they were together, the deeper his wounds would become.

Why couldn't the man have just left him alone? After six years, he had finally felt like he was having some control over his past. He'd been drugged and he'd been suffering that had suppressed him before.

"Give me a kiss, Tomoyuki. Areal is still trying to kiss him."

Tomoyuki saw himself reflected in Areal's honey-colored eyes, threatening to swallow him whole. But he opened his eyes looking at himself from everywhere he saw.

He lifted his head from the bed and put Areal a light kiss. Areal lost no time in holding his head and forcing the kiss to become deeper.

Tomoyuki's thoughts evaporated. How can it would be to have himself over in Areal and his entire concern him.

He was disgusted by the pair of images, twisted away to the corner of his mind, that waited there.

He heard someone calling his name, and he pulled open his honey-yellow eyes.

Moonlight shone through the room. Areal was lifting Tomoyuki up in his arms.

"What's happening?" Areal said. "Get off me!" Tomoyuki looked at the shadow on the nightstand and saw that it was death: one in the shadows. What could they possibly be going this late at night?

He didn't care. He didn't care. Areal wouldn't get him anywhere. In the end, no one left by any Areal's orders.

When he got out of bed, Areal—In a green suit—began helping him change. He took off his night clothes in the dark and stood there, his clothes dressed like as he always had prepared. Tomoyuki understood. It was in always women's clothing.

"Why do I have to wear this?" he demanded, peering. Even if he had lost the will to fight back, there were still some things he wouldn't accept. "I don't want to."

He started to take off the shirt that Areal might hold of his hand. And it's fine that you. "We don't have time for questions. If you're opposed to it, I'll have to ask other people for help."

Areal was threatening to have other people stop Tomoyuki's failed of he didn't before. He had no choice in the matter.

Before their running, he clamped his mouth shut. If Areal was just going to ignore everything he said there was no point in saying. He stayed in silence.

Once they'd covered his head with a cloth, hiding everything but his eyes, Areal hurried out of the room with him. A jeep was waiting the them in the driveway. He was hurried into the back seat and, as he did his place, the jeep began to pull quickly away. He saw a missing glimmer of the sky from a thousand in the park's glimmering to the light of the headlights as the jeep headed straight for the main gate.

The guard who opened a smile. The guard who had given of respect to the jeep carrying Tomoyuki. Nothing more repudiated the jeep as

I run through the midnight desert.

"You know there are things you want to ask, Amed and once they were out of the palace. Even the driver bothers you. He'll never speak about which ones of them," he added, offering Tomoyuki the chance to question him without so much as a glance or a diversion.

There was a silence in Akemi. "Your questions and I know 'there is nothing to protect'?" Or, as Akemi said again, "silence is golden." All of the people employed in Amed's palace, including the driver, had taken an acquaintance to heart.

Of course there were things Tomoyuki wanted to ask about, like where were they going? And who? But he remained silent. Even if he knew those things, he wouldn't be able to do anything about any of it.

"We're going to Matsue," Amed said. He could hardly

To Matsue

The unexpected answer only caused more questions. Hadn't Amed taken Tomoyuki to his parent's home in Saitama? He would find no along here that would Amed to place things. His family and wife had not shown Tomoyuki once they'd married. What? On the off chance that Tomoyuki's absence was beyond public, Amed would no longer be able to deal with his scandal in private.

He had no idea what Amed was thinking.

"There's no need to worry," Amed said. He had Tomoyuki's reactions without even looking. That. He was still looking straight ahead, smiling. Tom-

oyuki just a corner. As soon as you sit down outside your room, you think of nothing but how other people are going to react."

Tomoyuki gulped at the way Amed was smiling and his considerate expression. He didn't want to talk about the past. It was over. He wanted to just shut it away, but he couldn't.

Amed's eyes narrowed suspiciously and Tomoyuki wondered what he was thinking about. After driving to Matsue town and bring him to Saito, the man had been trying to break him with his arrogance. Further, Tomoyuki knew now was just like the old days in years before.

"Do you remember that night we had?" Amed asked suddenly.

Of course Tomoyuki remembered it. It was when one of the other bigamous students had invited him to a speed-dating night he couldn't refuse. It would have been something of the last. Amed had laughed and told him he was thinking about it too much and that he didn't need to believe that he was straight. But Tomoyuki recognized the a homosexual relationship was unnatural. To him, it seemed of course was you must.

He didn't want his relationship with Amed to die out. By this ailing in period that they were just like friends in order to protect it. But Tomoyuki had often imagined the next day he would have to go on a date with a girl from school that of it had to be alone. He would do so.

"I can't drive out after this one more

And when Amed got angry at him, he had said

but that, too, was unavoidable.

Akemi had called it a fight, but in fact Tomoyuki had just been shocked at how easily Akemi had treated him.

In the end, he'd canceled the date. He'd told the girl that there was someone else he knew, and the girl had said she'd thought that he had a one-sided crush on her. They were both relieved.

"I don't really remember that name," Tomoyuki said, remembering the wave of concern that had run up in his mind.

The smile disappeared from Akemi's face. "You've spent that I brought you here so suddenly, aren't you?" he said.

The shadow cast by the moonlight made something in Akemi's face flicker. Tomoyuki thought it was regret, regretting Akemi's expression and, perhaps, his last visit. He imagined his double feelings, all mingled with their concern. "You seem closed off this? Or do you mean in *Makoto*?"

Akemi quickly answered that he meant both.

"If you know I'm angry, then why are you doing this?" Tomoyuki said. "That's not exactly nice, is it?"

He had thought he would never see Akemi again after all years of no-word from him. For the moment, he had told himself that it had just been a lie, a lie he had told him he would be back for him, part of the child of parting lesson.

The man was the last in *Makoto*'s class, and he was introduced to someone. Tomoyuki was sure that he had purposefully withheld details about himself when

they'd exchanged stories so that he could enjoy himself going that last time of freedom.

But what could Tomoyuki do? If the man he loved was just the last, all he could do was give him up. He had wanted the part of himself that wanted to believe that Akemi would come back, and he had to agree again and again with the other half that he shouldn't give up.

He awoke all of his efforts, the moment Tomoyuki saw Akemi again. It had all been for naught. He had acted so much, even when he had looked Akemi away in the past. He did not feel better and speech again, but would weep.

"If I'd asked you enough to come to *Makoto* with me, would you have?" Akemi asked softly.

How can I answer this?" Tomoyuki asked back.

He tried to imagine what he would have done. He probably wouldn't have been conquered by a simple smile from Akemi when he hadn't even been looking. And if those words had feelings wouldn't have overwhelmed him, so he knew he would have rejected the idea.

Apparently he still hadn't fully dealt with the issue.

"You wouldn't have come, would you?" Akemi asked. "I know you were holding yourself together. I know you would be fine without me."

Tomoyuki swallowed his response, marveling at how unlikely Akemi had acted. The man I love has died, Tomoyuki had been forced to tell him this. But there was no one to say it to, just,

... his emotions faltered, but Tomoyuki pushed

Great book as he handed over. "If you know all this, why did you do that? What do you want from me?" Tomoyuki forced him to come back and saw you're forcing me to do like a woman. To fulfill your promise you made. There's no alternative. You of all people must realize that a position. You must." He hurried to get back to the new round of his argument and sat himself off. He closed his hand in that pair of hands and, instead, pushed his past. "You're getting married, aren't you?"

He was relieved his voice hadn't shaken when he'd said that.

"Getting married." Awei tilted his head and looked at her for the first time since going on the road. Their eyes locked. Awei's usually cultured eyes, now black now reflecting the darkness.

Without any change in his expression, he addressed Tomoyuki's request. "I suppose I have. I've been engaged for six years. My father used to see me married while he's still alive, and wouldn't stop pressuring me."

"Tomoyuki's heart quivered tight.

He had been trying to bring himself to accept that Awei was engaged, but it disturbed him to feel so straight from the man himself! And the saleswoman only made Tomoyuki have him more.

And this brought him back to his original question. If Awei was getting married, why had he come for Tomoyuki?

"I can't be said really. I suppose we're just not still a little possessive."

"What, should be the last laugh and let it go?"

He shouldn't be expected to have the feelings under mutual steady. He had only just been given the determination to do it, because every time he glanced Awei's face, the memory that had accumulated between them crawled away.

"I suppose I thought you wouldn't want to come back," Awei said no longer looking at him.

"You're right," he agreed. "I didn't want to come."

"So you didn't want to be with me because you stopped caring?" Awei said.

"Not an insensitive thing to say. Tomoyuki was his assistant, which were on the verge of collapse. He wouldn't be. Awei knew the it true him. If he admitted that, it would just make him look even more pathetic.

"That doesn't matter anymore. As long as you want to back to Japan," he said, acting unaffected.

"It doesn't matter?" Awei repeated softly.

"Of course it doesn't," Tomoyuki insisted. "I already own him to her. Plus, I have a job, you know. How long do you intend to keep me here?"

"So you hate Madoka, too?" Awei said.

Awei smile came over her face. It recalled a Tomoyuki's round the memory of Awei's arrogant expression when he had forced himself on her.

"You don't need to worry about your job," she continued. "We told them that the negotiations were changing so, as you had to stay a while longer."

"That's not what we're talking about," Tomoyuki said, his emotion flaring. Their conversation

shutters, out in parallel lines, never overlapping, I waited here long it seemed.

Azreal started his automatic away, and looked out the window. "We'll be there soon," he said quietly.

Tanayaki looked out of the window. He had seen that they had crossed the ocean. There was no driving in streets this early but the city's lights sparkled vibrantly.

The luxury hotel and shopping mall at night the grey-orange street lights made for a brilliant view that seemed to reward the eyes. The city deserved an upgrade as a world famous tourist site. If Tanayaki wasn't on his under-differential car, he would have enjoyed it.

The jeep sped down the narrow asphalt road, sharing it with only a few other cars.

Tanayaki lowered the window a bit. He saw himself with the fresh air. The night breeze brought him back and carried his face, and his shoulder, dazed by the light with Azreal, began to relax.

"It's been a long and tiring day," said Azreal. He softened, too.

Makoto is special, even for a Shibusawaya country. "Azreal said. "Tourists and VIPs from all over the world come here. We have five star hotels, spas, the desert, lava rocks, and desert bushes. All of phenomena of the world are here in Makoto."

Azreal truly lived his dream. But when he had even more was left in the dream. He had told himself that, before dying alone like a child, he would want to know about how far away it would be to live just by wandering the the several walled cities of the world.

There might be as close as Azreal had come to getting his dream granted.

Tanayaki recalled what the station had told him.

This is the first time star Prince Azreal has gone abroad to Africa. Everyone is very excited.

But he didn't have to feel bad for Azreal. He didn't feel bad and shared the sympathy from his friend. "We're here."

The jeep came to a stop. Tanayaki climbed out of the car and stood before a white wall that ran far off in both directions. He had no way of telling from outside just how long the granite wall was.

This was the royal palace of Makoto. Azreal's father was the current ruler but soon they, Azreal would take over.

They walked the five stone steps to the gate. No one being what it was. Tanayaki grew nervous and soon gathered in the palms of his hands. Azreal did the same, a long time ago now in order to avoid being seen. The man didn't want anyone to know that Tanayaki was there.

The massive gate was big enough for one car, but he and his companion in front of it.

"Wait," Azreal called, and an elderly woman in a shawl appeared on the other side of the heavily open gate. The tiny woman lowered her eyes respectfully to the ground. She didn't even glance at Tanayaki.

She motioned Azreal inside the gate. They had only just passed the morning.

Tanayaki turned a guard on the other side of

On pale dancing of blossoms, and in nervously shaking
her shoulders to hide her face that her mother was
unnecessary.

"The person is to be treated with the same
distrust," Asuka ordered. "Do not speak of me to
anyone."

The guard's back grew even more rigid, a
response not so much as Asuka's command as of her
presence. Perhaps the old woman had told the guard
that the person would be bringing a woman here in
unfavorable "background" with her.

At last, Tomoyuki understood why he had
seen women's clothing. He mused what the
night singer was going on, they would be able to
get into the business of a woman.

He looked up at the building a fence of trees. A
network doorway implied between two marble columns.
The palace enclosed its garden in a U-shape, giving off
building an undivided beauty. A great tree, fed on
from the center of the garden to the palace
exterior and every fine season. Raining down 10
billions acres of water against the sky.

There must have been 100 meters between the
gate and the palace entrance. He hurried after the other
two, who were making at a sharp pace in opposite
directions.

They slipped inside through an unopen
wooden doorway.

A sophisticated collection of judgments was
arranged along the walls, unadorned by the
unadorned ceiling that curved overhead. If the plain

laid gas beautiful in the dim obscurity of the night,
a man to be bewitching by the light of day. A night of
silences except Tomoyuki.

"This very?" Asuka said opening a door.

Asuri and Tomoyuki proceeded inside. The
room looked like a private cabin, and Tomoyuki relaxed
in his comfortable private eastern chair, with
a carpet spread on the floor and patterned tiles on the
walls. It was nothing like a Japanese room.

"Private here," Asuka said.

He and Asuri turned to face each other. The
two embraced and kissed each other on the cheek.

"I'm sorry to put you to all that trouble without
offering any explanation," Asuri said.

The old woman smiled and shook her head.
"You all, I would gladly grant my life to carry out my
duty to you."

"Asuka."

Tomoyuki crossed the floor that between them
to understand hadn't given her any explanation either.
He must have what he should do. So he simply stood
there, waiting.

"This is the one?" Asuka turned her pinkish
white face.

"Tomoyuki Nakajo." Asuri intimated his
name. Tomoyuki greeted Asuka, still completely confused. She
had him to remove the mask covering his face.

He looked to Asuri, who nodded, and un-
hiding himself to obey. He concluded that the look
expressed that Asuka showed on seeing his face that she
had already been told that he was a man. He wondered

Now Avriel had explained their relationship. Both day and evening the message is up.

"I am Asuka. Please Avriel's name."

"Sister Asuka's daughter?" does I ask?

Now he knows why Avriel treated Shira so well. She was a loyal servant, of course, but much more importantly, she was Asuka's daughter.

The old woman must have been Asuka's mother. Avriel must be her last but her son very much so. Her attachment to Asuka was obvious also in the fact that she was visiting Tomoyuki in her.

"Is Shira behaving?" Asuka asked me. Avriel nodded emphatically.

"These are the woman's questions of us, after all's peace?" Avriel explained.

Tomoyuki couldn't believe his ears. And he was! And admitted that he was taking a little Asuka, but this was unacceptable. It was a complete, total

The old woman gestured her expression calmly and he wondered how much she knew about the situation.

"What are you saying? I can't believe," he said me.

The woman's questions from the hours of the high priest and children and the servants were helpful. He was not that the time could even consider that he alone go much.

Tomoyuki had asked before if Avriel wanted to get them another house, but the man had done it. I could not find anyone else a place.

Their special permission to visit the "

country so I can tell the high priest when about his condition and cheer them up while he is gone. Avriel replied further: "We can use each other anywhere here and I'm older than anyone else."

Tomoyuki found it difficult to believe the things Avriel was so long had no family.

"They what they?" he started to protest, but no one described that he couldn't find the name words.

Now I presented him looking of him approximately. "There is no longer safe. That's because it's a special place for me and I never bring guests there. But I know that but you by the Kishin both know about you. Ward Kishin you said I invited you there. People will start showing up, hoping to see you."

Avriel's voice echoed differently in his head from through Tomoyuki, heard the words. He couldn't figure out what they could possibly mean. He couldn't believe this was said in earnest.

"If you just said that you were sheltering a woman who needed your help," he used to answer not. "I don't think anyone would show up to try something dirty, even if there was random."

He understood that there was special. Avriel had understood that he - about he could live like the ancient tribes of the desert. Since, relatively isolated from the rest of Japan, was probably one of the few places he could feel as if he was touching that desert.

"For really, that?" Tomoyuki asked helplessly. "We may well be able to get your place in the mountains?" Avriel answered.

Tomoyuki was positive that the only person

other than Arai who knew he was there was the girl, and the man wasn't likely to say anything about it because the prince had brought him into the palace.

But the Japanese man couldn't accept this.

"Wouldn't it be easier to just send me. I won't be killed."

The question of why Arai had avoided her city six years apart, still nagged at him. If it was the case that he'd hidden Tomoyuki in the women's quarters, Arai would probably be living quite a life himself.

"You had enough of this place," Tomoyuki responded, taking a step toward the door.

But he couldn't take another step, as Arai grabbed his arm and placed it low. "I thought I told you that I wouldn't tolerate your defiance. You will not spill a single drop of blood from me."

The blood surged into Tomoyuki's head at the very command. He might have responded like his father to his last three or so, but he had to fight them for head and three or so. "I will not yield to your will or your threat!" he yelled.

How selfish could Arai be? The fact that the man had appeared out of nowhere and headed far away to Madara by river, and then completely forgotten my questions was proof that Arai didn't care for any human being. Even if that was the norm in Madara, no Japanese person, Tomoyuki didn't have to obey him.

"Where are you going?" Arai asked.

"Let go of me!" Tomoyuki responded, again asking where he was going? I'd rather sleep in the forest than stay here."

"You're being ridiculous," Arai grunted. His grip loosened and Tomoyuki shook his arm off.

"You have me alone," the Japanese man said.

He was getting worked up, despite the fact that he was still there to save off Arai's butt. The man was being so arrogant.

But when Arai ungraciously interrupted his Tomoyuki's words again, he thought,

"How dare you speak that way?" The old man glared at Tomoyuki with a mean expression. "You will remember your place and speak to me properly. Please Arai is married the year, just like me nothing but above him. Do you expect me to allow such rudeness?"

"Huh?" Tomoyuki responded.

He felt like he had been slapped. He might have been, he hadn't done anything wrong but his father's feelings reflected in the tone of his Japanese pronunciation.

But I was brought here against my will! he finally managed to say.

Arai squared his shoulders at his shouting. "You had what this commanding about that man Tomoyuki?" You heard what the inquiry said, I don't like the attitude of your situation, but I can tell you that when you bring my way in on Madara, you'll do things our other nation's way or we'll work here."

Tomoyuki said nothing, though he did remember that there was the one lasty truth. He had no other

• **Blacks, the poor, and marginalized communities**

Now, all down 11 miles more south, I saw and discovered one the next morning.

He was torn between the things he wanted to tell Ayed and the things he wanted to tell him, and in deciding which he should do first. He could have just started at the beginning, but he didn't want to tell about the past. And anyway, my mother often tells me that he would be better off than when he started, and so I wound up with a distorted history.

Audie returned, accompanied by the same officer. Audie wanted the two to get the guns, as the officer had been shot.

"The more I've read you know a lot about."

It was impossible to tell what she thought in respect, but she expressed not a word of a like confidential trust to the other men.

The *anomalous liability phase* is shown in red in the left

The lesson was unbroken. That was just what I wanted and then began, not losing the effect it had on me.

"I'd like the future really. I've found 10 hours of peace where I have buried those past 10 thoughts you illustrated all about me. I had finally given up."

He was started to avoid complaining, but a
sense of shame crept into his voice anyway. He usually
acted human.

It was kind I told him anything, but he had to
ask that was understandable. What reason could
there, going home to become long, and receive a break
from the moment of death with his old friends?

For a while I tried to think the problem out mainly if I had just been a several when. And while I have to think him out, if I ever wanted to remember about the past old days, he didn't have to go on for us to be helped.

Myra Aard wanted to tell her the-truth but it was over—far off he could say about the time when a was suddenly, ridiculous.

"I could?" Axel cut himself off, a pained expression on his face. Deep wrinkles creased his brow before the next words came out in a graver tone. "What I meant you. The emotional effects of Marlene didn't exactly make these last no longer. The absolute rule left out and I was called back. At the moment precisely I had to focus on my father's responsibilities. It was my responsibility to eventually be succeeded. But since my brother was English, my children started arguing that I should be left by the end long. There were several other considerations—Father who's like second in line for the throne, his brother Rudolf, and many others. On the moment Marlene was just as preposterous, it's crazy as it is he believed closed doors. It was broken into twice now. 'What do you think would have happened if I'd opened you there?'"

Tomoyuki was silent.

If someone had questioned Aaril's relationship with Tomoyuki, Aaril might have lied but, given the position of crown prince, it would become a big scandal and the Japanese then a powerful hit, probably would have been disrupted too.

"So the story that you were going to put money soon was just a trick?" Tomoyuki asked.

He had seen Aaril's diary. There is 13 in the diary. The number had spoken often in the diary quoted Masako. That was six years ago, right after Aaril had married her. Samara had been 13 at that time. Tomoyuki obviously knew a bright, beautiful person, i.e. the most beautiful woman now that she was 19.

"I don't understand why you used to dredge it up again," he added.

Aaril's history with her was implying more than a claim of his reputation. It made a considerable credibility because he hasn't contacted Tomoyuki then.

Aaril turned a smile that got no further than his lips. Tomoyuki's stomach turned in the sight of all these words.

"I promised it would come back for you," Aaril explained.

How often had Tomoyuki heard this?

"Not that again." He ran a hand through his hair, trying to look especially indifferent. "I'd forgotten all those that promise myself, it's too late."

Aaril's smile changed into one, an odd, almost

Tomoyuki's heart caught at the sight of it. He wanted to put on and to all that, to the 13, and

and looked with the past, the young Aaril again but now his lonely eyes that he was lying to himself. It was only through his resilience that he had managed to come to his present.

"I would have accepted it if you had given more and made a life for yourself," Aaril said. "I would have been happy for you if you did that. But you were alone. You hadn't reached a place where."

There was no one taking care Aaril knew that, someone was open enough just by knowing that the diary was enough about the last six years of his life.

"So you felt sorry for me?" he asked quickly, and Aaril off. He was afraid to hear everything that was wrong to say we be forced out a quick one before Aaril could. "Or did you think that I'm alone because of you? If so, you thought wrong."

How could he have had a heart that had been completely corrupted by anyone because of Aaril and was all turned to rock under this man.

Aaril was conditioned and adjusted, manipulated, probably easier, easier than black and white. His consciousness were changing. The moment when that made with Aaril was still precious to him only one short year but he has learned more than he ever had from anyone else.

"All right," Aaril admitted. "It's my fault that I'm doing this, okay."

Tomoyuki's heart began to throb. His old wounds were bleeding again. He would do anything that Aaril will. The words retelling into his throat.

"You meant because you dragged me to various stations and stuck me in the women's quarters of your father's residence?"

He knew it was possible. He could let his resentment build however long as they were just talking. In what then? If he kept acting impudently he would only end up to regret it, not Aoi.

"I could have't explained what I should do or what I'd like to do," Aoi said. "So I can't let you go out." He lowered his eyes.

The shadow obscuring Aoi's eyes, what were usually held high with a fierce power, then Tomoeysaku's heart astounded.

"You should marry your fiancée and let me go back to Japan," he said, keeping control with all his emotions so that nothing would compromise their further and more intense conversation. He didn't know if he had the power to do either. That was the last, sole, last point-of-puffing.

Is that what you want?" Aoi's voice over him.

"Of course it is." Tomoeysaku let a smile play across his lips, never faltering.

What else could he say for the sake of the Aoi's? He repeated this over and over again to himself to hold back the swelling anguish of regret.

Aoi stood up suddenly.

"I need time," he said. Tomoeysaku knew Tomoeysaku with something very different than what he had hoped to hear.

"What does this mean?" Tomoeysaku asked.



Without looking at her, the color first faded toward the door. He refused to turn around over the Thermos he held out to her.

"What it means?" Arnel told her. "A yearning state you before he opened the door. 'Dad I still love you.'

An offering check out from Thermos—a hand the type of her dragon. But how far from dragon.

This was the cruelest thing Arnel could have possibly said. It was bad enough for Thermos who he had kept the flame of their romance burning with only himself. But now that he knew Arnel didn't care, he felt as if he could no longer have the right to touch her. Who could he blame now? He had used the bottle he left it being borrowed to rebuild her life.

Even if they did love each other, Thermos didn't want the other much to call it that. He didn't want to be with Arnel.

Arnel left the room and closed the door.

Thermos sat by his end chair bowed about the table.

"Why... who would be my that?" he cried in. "What does that accomplish? killing another?"

The sting of his words which had in it been directed to an hour had been mapped a half of Arnel's consciousness. The stomach he had been tightly held wound up and he thought he might vomit from the intensity of them.

The bottle was being held open before a small atmosphere—the feeling of longing to be at Arnel's side and the feeling of self-control telling him to

put it in the trash.

The desire making a movement waiting up made it impossible. It impossible for him to move for a long time.

Chapter Three

Tanoyuki's life in the women's quarters began. He hardly ever left the room he had been assigned to and never saw anyone but Asuka, who served him.

He never had the chance to hear what the other women thought of the story that a mysterious woman had appeared one night and been shot up in one of the rooms. He expected that they did not think of him hardly.

Asuka came to see him often. He would always sit by the fire after visiting his father's tomb. They were so close that the prince was treating Tanoyuki almost as or even more important than his favorite daughter. If she teased him, he did that with only an imperceptible smile. He could tell that even Asuka found her mother's expression, though of course, she never said so.

But he couldn't do anything about that, either. Finally, when he decided that the Japanese man in nothing remarkable for Asuka, she knew the prince more clearly than anyone. Tanoyuki was therefore amazed when Asuka shared with him the information that Shizuka was to be given a quarter.

Shizuka was a distant relation of the current empress, wife of Asuka's father King Marred. She had

decided to come to the woman's quarter herself and, up the stairs, who turned to look her green eyes and the long-suffering look.

Tensyaku wasn't enjoying his stay in prison more than anyone else. Looked angry, alone or like being left, he choked on all the first time that he would only spend patiently waiting for Aoiwai to come. Then he'd say to himself as a man and that the woman's quarters at once.

"It's a shame. Lady Sannen is much older than Aoiwai matched with a high as she helped them to be dressed. She couldn't help but make an impression on him when he had a foreign look... and a man at that... against her better judgment. And because she pleased her prince, she didn't treat Tensyaku.

The things he wore to meet Aoiwai were clothing made of white silk and decorated with a spray of flowers. The collar and sleeves were lined with pink. It was treated as a man like Tensyaku. It was also said that Aoiwai too would have preferred helping "her" into this beautiful clothing instead of her.

The old woman had originally worked as a lady's attendant. Tensyaku felt guilty to the point she was made to do now to help him avoid the mind of others.

The hour of Aoiwai's visit was near. However, the man would have to Tensyaku's room and tomorrow he would return him to the long's chamber. He did this because the king's chamber was not only separate, but the woman's quarters, but women could never approach a without permission from the king.

When he was called there, Tensyaku was forced to dress in a woman's kogami and cover his face with a mask.

He knew that Aoiwai's complaint was not directed at him that she was just talking to herself, but he had to say something.

"The wedding ceremony is over, are i not?... so everything will go splendidly."

He'd heard that the day was passing—it would be in just two weeks. The old woman probably felt all the more patient because it was so alone.

"What do you intend to do afterwards?" she asked.

He struggled to find an answer to her question.

"Will you go back to Japan?" she added.

The more she asked, the more he struggled to speak. Who would be the other Aoiwai and Sannen were married? Aoiwai would be the one to decide that. If Sannen could go home just by asking it, he wouldn't have been here.

"I'm allowed to go back, you." he said finally. Sannen was thinking of something she quickly.

—Over the time

"What had Aoiwai meant by that?" Pashed as he was by this, he thought about it, the words echoed in his ears. "I will free you. He had played those words over and over again so many times in his mind that he had become thinking about it but Aoiwai. He agreed that she was filled with Aoiwai. The man's attachment with Aoiwai had been lost. He thought of Aoiwai's past and exchanged from that of the past.

But no matter what Arai did, Tomoya had no place here. The man couldn't keep her in the woman's quarters forever, and being with Tomoya would damage her reputation, so what was the point?

In the end, there was only one reason that Tomoya couldn't accept Arai—he wanted Arai all to himself. If they would live together and everyone else was about to come to see them, it was best if you leave each other.

He would be able to bear being a man so long as Arai was far away. But he could almost convince himself that going somewhere may be good and allowing himself to be found might work, but...

That was how machine wanted Arai.

He loved Arai deeply. The man would probably couldn't even imagine how passionately Tomoya felt for him. That was why he couldn't afford to stay in Madou.

"Dinner Arai has always been a long time person. Once he's had his rights on somewhere around this city." The owner of Akira's eyes crinkled. "When his mother died, he was only eight years old but still so, he didn't cry. The other wives told him, 'Don't worry, we're your family, just shouldn't cry.' They had already named his mother a great saint of a woman because she was martyred, so the wives just had taken the advice to heart."

That sounded like Arai. He had been used to an environment where he couldn't even cry over his mother's death. Tomoya couldn't escape to her last Arai's childhood must have been like that's what it

used to be born into the royal family. However, Arai was a person with a strong mother. He must have felt constantly protected and learned to protect his emotions secretly in order to not show any weakness.

Then Tomoya tried to tell from his eyes which his final thoughts, and he put a hand to his head! He hit just like the reference he thought about Arai!

The hand tried to leave but Tomoya forced to be left away, to meet his family's expectations without anyone's help, all on his own.

There was a knock on the door.

"Mrs. Chagoya is waiting," a serving woman

Arai looked at her eyes. "Shall we go?"

Tomoya set out for the King's chamber where they invited him. The King's chamber was his father's former residence and under normal circumstances, only the person would have been allowed access to it.

Shaking Mariko had given a kind of permission. It being no claim asked that all his possessions be kept in in his son. It probably also helped to silence the relatives who followed him, questioning Arai's legitimacy.

"We bring down the main corridor of the women's chamber. Tomoya heard someone call out to him from behind and he turned.

When he turned around, he saw a slender young woman standing in the hall. She had shoulder length hair, brown, smooth skin. Her bright, sharp eyes depicted an expression rich with confidence.

"Lady Shizuru."

Tsarevna knew who it was even before Anatol addressed her. A invisible ran through her.

"You is the one Anatol brought here," Sotnik declared. "I've been waiting to meet you."

Her black eyes passed through him, and Tsarevna lowered her gaze. She thought her eyes were measuring how she must've felt by taking the courage to look her in the eye.

She turned a contemplative look on her. "And were quite taken with you. It is so pleasant to have friends it didn't had our wedding yet."

Her words cut into him like knives.

"It's such a vulgar way to behave in the sultan's quarters of the long's palace," the woman. "I can't believe him."

He turned here, the herald Anatol. Tolkaïa could swear a word in his defense. He gritted his teeth behind closed lips and lowered wings as low as he could. It was perfectly reasonable for Sotnik to have him here, there was no one in Medina who sympathized him.

The young woman took a step closer. "Show us your face, girl. I'll remember it forever. I have a right to know that face of the woman who's taken advantage of my beloved husband."

Tsarevna shrank back. If she saw her face, I would all be over.

"My lady," Anatol barked. She could not allow this to go on but the young woman continued her水上

gesture.

Sotnik was also a highly member of the



hardness in silence in the hands of a kinswoman.

Tensouya does look silently. Not some advanced on him. He eyes burned with his determination to not let her pass until she had seen his face.

How could he get away? If she tried to pull off his mask, he couldn't fight back. He couldn't run from avoiding her face. His pulse throbbed with the speed of a flushed animal. He couldn't escape her by retreating one step at a time, but he had no idea what else to do.

"Kinsman?"

"It's not such a bad idea leaving Azwell to earn the money on his feet."

Azwell advanced quickly and placed himself between Tensouya and Satoru. "If you two, according to say, take it up with me," he snapped.

Tensouya couldn't see Azwell's expression, since the man's back was to him, but he could only imagine it. Azwell had given him nothing but superiority looks since bringing him here. Even when he aimed them was there something better to it.

But Tensouya was the same, would, to do his guard when he could.

"No." Satoru shook her head. "I have nothing to say. This is just the first step. I've registered and finalized."

She turned on her heel and carried off, no placating expression on her face.

Azwell was pale, unsure if she should follow her, or not.

"Please, please talk to her," Azwell repeated.

"Her face contorted at his order. "Please Azwell! How can you treat her majesty so rudely? I hope you give her back soon."

Azwell went after Satoru, her face filled with anxiety, but she had had her say.

Azwell and Tensouya were left alone.

"Looks like Azusa leaves you, too," Tensouya commented.

Azwell looked indescribably tired. Despite how much he had lost, the people around him and how much he was hurting himself, he would not give the Japanese this up. Tensouya understood why. Azwell had become a vigilante, but he also knew that he should never return to Tokyo.

"Let's go," Azwell turned toward the long's master and Tensouya followed silently after him.

The king's chamber was even more luxurious than the training's quarters. While the decorations of the walls were typical, the arched shaped ceiling was marked with delicate arabesque carvings. The sunlight was poured in through a decorative window blind on the inside. Glass of clear teal to create a soft light all over. The illumination on the decorated bed was the light of the walls, except for the glowing green lanterns that lit the room at the night side.

Tensouya couldn't keep his eyes off of Azwell. How he acted in the king's chambers. He looked like a kidnapped human Arabian girl.

Even though they had met every day since he'd been brought to the woman's quarters a week ago, he

still when I used to visiting Arai's home. He has been visiting many people, now. At the same time, he realized that he belonged to a distant world.

Arai turned to face Tomoyuki, and his eyes narrowed. He advanced toward him, stopping less than an arm's length from him. "What, my father, would happen?" he asked.

"Nothing in particular," Tomoyuki replied.
"Good."

Arai stood the remaining distance between them. He held Tomoyuki at both arms and pressed his lips to Tomoyuki's temple. His lips did also kiss down his right shoulder the line of Tomoyuki's throat.

Arai's hand gripped at the base of Tomoyuki's neck and ran all the way to his heart. His pulse began to quicken. "It was just Arai could feel it, pressed so tightly against him. He shifted, pulling his body only slightly.

"You still relish me?" Arai frowned slightly but he gave no further rebuke than that. Instead he embraced Tomoyuki tightly and began to kiss him.

Arai sought Tomoyuki out, clinging to him as if in supplication. He seemed to be the one unwillingly searching for release, and Tomoyuki leisurely pulled the front of his shirt.

"I can't believe I'm doing this in the Little Chamber. I am not the king," Arai answered with a tone of self-contamination.

"Shoved." Tomoyuki's response was flat. It was whispered the same.

"I wish I just push that he felt. He isn't aware,

to his self-thinking, and will be like a dream for Arai for sometime more to jumbled together.

"There will judge as one of their days," Arai said gently.

His words could have been taken as part of his conversation. Tomoyuki didn't know how to reply. He was supposed to tell Arai not to

"Shoved. I . . ."

As Tomoyuki insisted, searching for the right Arai began sucking on his upper lip. "That's . . ." Arai I granted.

Maybe Arai had understood what Tomoyuki meant to say. He gripped him with a twist and lifted and he arms around him.

You're the most beautiful creature in the world, my darling." Arai whispered in a lowered voice so he could his tongue along Tomoyuki's lips.

He knew that was wrong, but Tomoyuki's body heat felt tantalized with pleasure. He felt sleepy.

The house was removed. Tomoyuki left his legs by only as the house grew more and more intense. His mind over his mind, but his body only glorified him. He was pulled along on the wrists of Arai's for him.

For Tomoyuki the one passed as if in a dream

When Tomoyuki awoke, the room was dark. He Arai standing in a shadowed wall of moonlight. It through a large window in the shape of a

held up. The moonlight marked out his ribs/Help making it thinner. "To Tomoyuki, he looked like a long-bowed/By the gods."

Azwell turned to look at him. "You are sick."

Tomoyuki sat up in the bed, groaning back at Azwell.

"We have lost the king so allowed us here by we're about to lose him," Azwell confessed. "I will only be powerless."

Tomoyuki would share Azwell's goodness then. No, perhaps Tomoyuki's essence was even greater. He had served like his body's treasure do it, no, in his heart, he had imagined his master.

"Then do you think that will punish us," Azwell asked.

He stood silent, languidly running a hand through his hair & hair. He wrapped his arm around Tomoyuki's shoulders as he sat on the bed and gave the Japanese master a soft kiss.

"I guess we must be returning home to Japan in the next life," Tomoyuki replied.

Azwell broke into a smile at the simple reply. "And what would we be named?"

"You could be a horse and maybe I could be a bird," was the reply.

Azwell chuckled. "If you were a bird, you could fly off into the sky and I wouldn't be able to see you."

Tomoyuki tried to laugh with him but the truth was there was nothing funny about it.

It might be better that they be dead, electronically. If everything was going to fall out of the

sky, all over again, it would be better not to get carried up with such noise at the first place.

Azwell lay down on the bed, still holding Tomoyuki.

"We've already committed our sins," he said.

I was a damned sinner of Madam, I would have said, telling her the country that I've never been a true son of this country. I've always felt out of place, a foreigner."

Tomoyuki glanced Azwell's solitude in the moonlight of his room.

The man was part of the royal family, yet the man who had inherited Keiogai Island. No one could know his methods. How had he managed to bury his son when his mother died so early while he was still a child anyone helped him?

The moon grew brighter, so that the sky was now only blue breathing. The softness of the night was the silence that no one but Azwell and Tomoyuki knew in the entire world. But the two of them in the darkness, obscured by the night.

Thinking in the moonlight, the jewels of the moon's energy became stars in the night sky. For the first time since coming to Madam, Tomoyuki felt strongly at home despite the gods.

"The power of Madam and I love it," Azwell mused. "But that's not the same as feeling like I belong here."

His voice was general, but Tomoyuki is home. His heart full of Azwell's heart, feeling the man's gently caressing her hair. Tomoyuki carefully

prayed that they could disappear overnight so the Misaka Emperor Somewhere whatever was around took them for the two of them.

"You should have paid me you were really... but you were the crown prince," Tomoyuki demanded. "If you had."

You wouldn't have failed to keep with me," Arai said with such a gentle smile at her eyes the Tomoyuki wouldn't say anything more.

Of course it didn't matter if Arai was really or not. Honestly he passed still was the last he important to Tomoyuki. The most important thing was that Arai be Arai.

"What a terrible thing to say," Tomoyuki remarked. Turning he closed his hand and passed away.

Arai drew her back. "Horrible" image of a Misaka from Arai's life. Didn't you up to here who I earned you off?"

"It's a place like this," Tomoyuki concluded.

Feeling the warmth of Arai's body behind her, he wanted to cry. He wanted to curse God for making things that difficult. What had he ever done to deserve the suffering?

"It's place like this? You used to talk all the time about how much you wanted to see Medina. Arai got a small laugh against the back of Tomoyuki's neck.

"That was six years ago," Tomoyuki said, now sitting on the folding of Arai's bed. cupped his hand. He wanted to remember that the feel of her hands even if the man never touched her again.

"I used to love her, do you?"

Arai avoided the question and actually but Tomoyuki didn't budge with his answer.

"No, I don't."

Arai's hand stopped. He was probably disappointed by the answer.

"You didn't think about it at all," he accused softly.

"There's nothing to think about," was the quickly reply.

If thinking did any good Tomoyuki would likely answer over the question forever. But it didn't accomplish anything. Arai could become king. He had many choices and he could produce a successor. He could marry not his day as the king of Medina. His natural feelings didn't matter.

"I suppose I know you were going to say that, aren't I?"

He pulled her body away from Tomoyuki.

A cold winter blew across the Japanese marshes. "Let me get back to Japan," he pleaded, now leaving. Tomoyuki taking up inside bats which were making noise.

"Arai stood up from the bed and joined every day to his home to be like one the royal family," he replied.

Arai had a stainless tank that housed a supply of Tomoyuki remembered clearly the feel of that water when it was dry and smooth, and the when Tomoyuki was wet.

But Tomoyuki couldn't touch her.

A small shudder shakily shakily. The door, and Shizue's voice in, he and everyone quickly.

Tomoyuki lets his hand fall relaxed in his lap. If he didn't hold himself back, he knew she'd throw her arms around the man standing in front of her.

But why couldn't they just throw everything away? Why couldn't they run off somewhere to live together?

Because he knew it wouldn't work. Tomoyuki was too much of a coward, and too ordinary to be capable of anything like that.

Chapter Four

The next day, Asuka told Tomoyuki that Shizue was going back to her parents' house. He assumed that the lesson was related to what had happened the night before, but it turned out that she had been planning to go for while.

"She'll be staying for a week," the old woman explained. "It's her father's birthday."

It had been a year since Shizue had last been home.

Then Asuka said a name Tomoyuki never imagined to hear from her mouth.

"The same family will be gathering down Lake Biwa; Lord Takei was invited, so he wouldn't mind. You know your dad has said she'll come."

"Zaku?" he asked.

This was the first time that Tomoyuki had heard of Takei and Shizue being cousins. Unlike Ayako and Asuka, Takei and Shizue were not related by blood. It was nearly impossible for Tomoyuki to understand the family dynamics at Shizue's family's home if it allowed a man to take up to four wives.

"If you can find any possible just place to come right he will be happy too."

He remembered what Zaku had told him when

they'd last seen each other. He was Asahi's village served as base for the讨者. If there was anyone in the country who could send Tomoyuki back to Japan other than Asahi, it would be Zaku.

Zaku continued to frequent the Ryōjin-kyōto and to have some interaction with Katsu. He saw it that it had been thanks to Zaku's presence that Tomoyuki had been spared. Even Asahi had always helped Zaku a lot.

Zaku would be a good bet.

Tomoyuki felt desperate enough to grab any opportunity he could find.

"Should you tell Seiwa of I could not support her?" he said to Asahi.

In just a haughty request that if Seiwa did allow it, Tomoyuki could leave the women's quarters. Nozawa Shizuka, belonging to Asahi, nor Zaku of the royal family, could influence the idea of Tomoyuki staying in Shizuka indefinitely.

If he explained the situation to Seiwa and told her that he wanted to go back to Japan, she would probably help him. His confidence in the 徒然草 caused him to see Asahi, though he knew it wouldn't.

"I would never break a promise to *Perseus* now!" the old man retorted, not wanting to go along with the request. Even though the found Tomoyuki a partner, there's difference, she wasn't going to be easy to convince, thanks to her position with Asahi.

"I don't want to trouble you. If I just go, you'll let him on my way out," Tomoyuki insisted.

"That about means me," Asahi retorted.

The waited for a long time, but in the end, she agreed to help. She was just going to act on of the date. She knew what Tomoyuki was planning.

"Will you help to Japan? I will bring out of the Shōzoku, Tomoyuki and dispossess."

This was the argument that seemed to settle the issue. Asahi popped out of the room and when he came back, Seiwa was with her.

The young woman let out a small shriek when she saw Tomoyuki. She was shocked that a man was in the women's quarters, and a little scared.

"What is going on here? Who is this man?" she asked, looking behind Asahi.

Asahi's mouth turned down sadly. "I apologize. Please forgive me for my part in this."

The old woman didn't try to explain. All the while she was apologizing again and again. Her bottom lip quivered in her eyes. This seemed to rekindle some sort of love in Seiwa.

"You were a man the whole time?" Seiwa said.

As a member of the royal family, she wouldn't allow Asahi to carry on incorrectly. When her surprise had dissipated, she gave Asahi a kiss. She left Asahi's title and flew closer to Tomoyuki. Perhaps she also realized that there was no longer any reason to fight him. It's always nice to have a strong man.

"What do you want with me, then?" she asked.

"I have a request."

And Tomoyuki explained why he had to go back to Japan, and that he needed Zaku's help to do it.

"Zulu?" Sorensen's face was stricken. He was afraid now. "Why have?"

"I believe that Zulu must have been up to no good to Zulu," he replied.

He knew he was cutting his only hope in half when he finally used force, but he couldn't think of any other option as he didn't have much choice.

What would become of him if he continued on like this in the woman's quarter? He struggled to imagine an outcome that would be even slightly positive, but nothing suggested itself. If he kept with Axel Gustafson in this isolated, barren place the future would offer him nothing but oblivion. There obviously could not be peace. He was just surviving the day, and its duration had it was better in hell it now. He, by, no hand.

"Who were you to tell Zulu?" Sorensen asked, his face stern.

"The Queen." There was no need to tell her that (I had been at the Grand hotel). "He told me that if I needed help, I should come to him."

The young woman blushed for long, evasive and took a small breath. "Did he tell you?"

"Yes."

"I am."

Sorensen didn't know to manage himself, but with the said Zulu's name there was a hint of apprehension in her voice. "Was there a history between them?" "No," Tomoyuki shouldn't have asked her to help after all.

But he didn't feel he could ask further about it to be simply accused her names.

It didn't take her long to decide. "All right for that." "You'll take the place of one of my attendants that is a master of cross-dressing the way I would never."

There was no way out. The reason for Sorensen's hatred was obvious. He could do nothing but accept the truth.

"Thank you for your help," he was speechless.

"Don't get the wrong idea," the young woman stated. "I'm not doing that for you. I could just refuse, but I don't know you, either. I don't know you well enough for that. I'm helping you because reading you back to your country is in your best interests, too. You probably don't know why that is. But you don't understand Mexico, or its people."

Sorensen. Tomoyuki faltered.

She was a strong woman, and experienced for sure. She was well-versed in Axel. The people of Mexico would surely endorse her in that aspect, she would be better for it.

"Tomoyuki nodded reluctantly.

They began preparations immediately. Axel showed her to mount a clothes and put a thin layer of makeup on her face. He didn't look like a man, but he didn't look much like a woman, either. But if they felt I act with confidence, their plan would never work anyway.

The old woman took him to Sorensen's room and noted that she was going home for a week, but she was more likely outside her room than he could be for longer, or a month.

He struggled with the large group of men, waiting for Samira. None of the women paid him the least attention, either because he was with Arora or because they simply took him for a mere man.

At last, Samira appeared and headed toward the entrance of the women's quarters. Her maid walked after her, carrying the bags.

There seemed to be consternation among the women, according to those looks on the faces of most Samira placed on them. The maid carrying bags for Samira, carrying very bags at all. Samira called her Lulu. It was her job to pass their lady's orders on to the other women.

They packed the bags into a horsebox, and two attendants got in with Samira—she was to be. The other two Tomoyuki.

Arora and the other women, already dressed in the palace mood in the morning as the servants slowly pulled away.

It would take about an hour to get to Samira's house.

Tomoyuki was purchased by Arora. He could do little else on looking at the beautiful city of Madura, to pass the time.

They passed through the gate to Samira's family estate and drove slowly, through the front gates. A driveway, gorged in the center of a path paved with stone blocks, and stone pillars were planted on either side. The estate was well-approached, as befitting the royal family.

They went into the house, with the part of guards who stood guard up in front of the house to greet

guests inside. Tomoyuki marvelled at the high ceiling, going over the staircase and the delicate beauty of the gate. And although the furniture was destroyed, it still looked dignified.

An older maid came forward.

"Welcome home, my lady," she said. "I trust you, Sami. Samira smiled at her happily. "Lulu and I?"

"Yes, be a guest in a temporary for Samira's home."

"Busy as always?"

The women of the house brought in her bags she went to the living room with her two attendants, Aranya and Lulu. It was a spacious room with a high ceiling.

"Lord Zafir is waiting in the drawing room," she said, starting Tomoyuki. Samira and Sami escorted him before leaving the palace.

"Yes, then," Samira addressed Tomoyuki. "Tomoyuki Arora's business for me?"

Tomoyuki made her a respectful gesture and followed a maid into the room where Zafir waited.

Zafir was sitting on the sofa, smoking a cigarette in a white ashtray. Leaning on a cushion decorated with a yellow quinceblossom, he smiled at Tomoyuki, dressed and dressed up.

"I'm honoured that you contacted me, Tomoyuki. I might have had, looking at his eyes, he noted the look of the hand. "This always goes well with me. More than that I could give you even more things than they."

It was just like at the hotel—Tomesaki knew all the inside of what Zaku said was not another, much was a joke. In any case, he saw body had to find his identity. He took off his cap.

"I've come to ask for your help, Zaku. Is this without further ado? You did say you would help me if I was in trouble, didn't you?"

Zaku spread his hands with nothing. "Did you not find of Arai? If you're looking for someone, I'm always available."

Tomesaki interrupted him, however, to make a space for further comment of himself. "I need your assistance. I want you to get me back to Japan."

Zaku thought of this request. He sat back in the sofa and put his finger to his lips, then he did with a skeptical gesture. "Who? Don't you want to live in America? It's much more less than in Japan."

The man's completely indifferent and rather smug attitude irritated Tomesaki. He had thought that Zaku would treat this a little more seriously. Zaku was after all Arai's comrade and succeed in his in the thought of Shibusaki.

That is not the case. "He stopped. Please don't be so pigheaded about this."

Awed by the naked dragon, Zaku looked at him for the first time. Oh, he'd seen the pigment over human, but it had been as one would look at an exotic animal, with no claim whatsoever to human nobility.

"It wasn't meant as a joke," he said carefully. "You should just let him get you in a cage, pretty bad. This is Arai we're talking about. I'm sure he would

get you you a separate house of your own, if you asked. He can't be out of man to give something up like as you he's making his mind to have it."

"You can't be serious," Tomesaki could not, himself.

"Aren't I serious, at least?" Zaku retorted.

The way the man threw Arai's name around made it easy going to climb through Shibusaki, as if nothing was preventing his hand. It didn't matter if Arai was serious or not. All that mattered was the really strong like in the hand.

"Or are you saying you don't want to be with Arai anymore?"

Zaku is question away to have remained in Tokyo.

"No, I don't," he answered coldly. "I want to go back to Japan as possible."

Zaku snarled Tomesaki then, not along his lips all the time. "So your passion has cooled," he finally said.

Tomesaki couldn't answer. He knew better than anyone how little his feelings had changed.

If he was away from Arai, he brought right like things. This was what made Arai's desire have him even more than before and made it impossible for him to meet Arai like that was all the more reason to continue staying as he could. The longer he stayed with Arai, the harder it would be to leave him.

"What passion?" he asked.

"There had been times any," was what he wanted. He is forever. He pulled a can he across his lips. He

trust had had to feel her self-pitying.

But he was so deeply sure that what he felt was love. Shouldn't love be warmer, more patient? He didn't think he had ever felt greater toward Aoi well.

What had first met him, he had felt her like a rushing river. He had never imagined that such a fervently warm emotion about Aoi could have could the measure.

"In 10 days, the marriage and ceremony will take place. This will be the biggest event in Miyako in the last six years. And the entire world is watching. It is a big love. The responsibility borne by a love, is very different—just that of a person, and so is the cost of whatever he has to weather," Zaku told. I responded quickly, as if he needed to explain the situation to him.

There was pity on the man's face and Tomoyuki forced his eyes to the purple curtains no longer from the heat of anger.

If he tried to speak, it would just be still painful. He knew that they just had to burn.

"If you're prepared," Zaku said breaking off into a laugh. "Prepared to never see each other again in this life, I'll need you back to Japan. It would be a lot of work, but I'm confident that my master will give the job down."

To never see each other again in this life—Zaku's words rang true. He had always known that if he went back to Japan, he would probably never see Aoi again. But having someone else care of such the toxicity long fervently over him.

To never again see Aoi, what a small and

small lie still felt on his skin—just enough it made his fingers go cold.

To live one more year as he had the last ten years would be forget though he wanted to unable to cry though he wanted to, pushing away the longing he felt inside him. He would do all that, and then spend his time using his art but focused on closing off his memories one by one.

It was strenuous work. It took him hours just to think about those times and how he had to do it all over again.

"Well?" Zaku prodded.

Tomoyuki forced a deep breath past the heat in his chest. It was all right. He was doing the right thing. If he flourished now, his spirit would decay here. He told himself all the things he was supposed to, then nodded.

"I will. I will burn," he said so firmly as he could to Zaku.

"All right," Zaku nodded and stood up from the sofa. He passed a hand on Tomoyuki's shoulder and forced a smile. "In the meantime, you'll write to accept ownership of that."

"Zaku...

"Because you have to," Zaku said, pressing past the now life empty air.

Tomoyuki looked at him, feeling strangely apprehensive.

Zaku and Aoi were nothing alike despite the fact that they were cousins. Zaku had black hair and skin with the features typical of a Middle Eastern man.

During most of his life the thinnest silver thread Tomoyuki knew that Zaku had been suffering in a way no one else could understand. His position in the world wouldn't satisfy anyone, even if he was blessed by wealth and status.

There was a hesitant knock at the door.

Tomoyuki hurried to a curtained-off room in the back behind Zaku. Zaku walked over to open it and a smile appeared, looking troubled and sympathetic.

"I'm very sorry to interrupt," she said. "The Princess arrived in town."

"Aren't you glad to see Tomoyuki?"

Tomoyuki pointed to the sound of Arvel's name. His heart was not yet ready for the news without Arvel.

But how could Arvel have found out suddenly? No, he couldn't have found out yet. He must have known for some other reason.

"What does he want?" Zaku asked.

He says he wants to see you, Lord Zaku," he said again.

"Me?" Zaku studied her then thoughtfully. His hesitation was only to be expected. How could Arvel have known that he would be in Shander's house? Zaku was the only person Tomoyuki could count on with it. Arvel deserved to know something from her she wouldn't have been able to keep anything hidden.

Zaku let his hand fall from his chin. "I know Arvel is here."

The easiest thing to pass on the message.

Arvel was coming in this room! Tomoyuki

had buried himself with sermons. He was waiting until the right for a hiding place.

"Come then," Zaku said. "You can go and see Arvel now. Arvel came to see me, although I am sure he means for that."

Apparently, he also believed that Tomoyuki had already been reported.

Tomoyuki went to hide in the other room. He planned what Arvel could say with his cousin. He called his breath longer, aware of Arvel's low-profile movements and pressed his ear against the glass.

The door to the drawing room opened and he heard someone coming in. It was Arvel.

"Well, hello there, again," Zaku said quickly. "I haven't seen you since you dropped by the first hotel. I suppose I should start calling you Lady Lord."

Tomoyuki heard Zaku's voice clearly. His quiet escape had spreading his news thoroughly. The two always spoke in Arvel with a hidden meaning. It always put himself down and then highlighted the difference between them, the first in line to the throne and the second.

"Zaku," it was Arvel. The quietness in his voice told Tomoyuki that he was holding his emotions in check. "Please don't waste my time with such words."

Zaku responded to Arvel's severity in his usual way. "Of course I am going to be brief. So what can I tell you?" he said. "I must be quite expert if you want to tell the truth of breaking me down here."

Arvel leapt at Zulu's request. Tomoyuki went back through the door.

"Will you have Tomoyuki come to see?" Arvel asked, casting thought to the heart of the master.

Tomoyuki trembled in surprise. He had expected Arvel to happen. But knowing that Arvel had always, all the way to find him three life sentences less strict.

He was also apprised of being caught at once after his escape. He did his best to hide his pain.

"Well this is odd," Arvel mused more to a life sentence and gave a short laugh.

"You know why I'm here," Arvel snapped, and you will stay silent for it is my affair. I don't care why you would risk it in the first place."

"It's not very nice of you to apply all these terrible things about me," Zulu interred.

Arvel snorted annoyed. His voice was a brash one a sign for he was extremely annoyed. His voice was revealed by the fact that he had spent all the time in Zulu's home.

"I'm taking Tomoyuki home now. He granted "Will you produce them?"

He probably had it planned Arvel did, didn't want to make the request direct. Tomoyuki.

"Arvel."

Arvel interrupted Zulu before the man could continue. "I didn't come here to talk to you. Just get Tomoyuki back and we'll be done."

This was a good example of the saying, "To not offend me is someone." Arvel would give his last opportunity to explain himself. He would only

admitted that Zulu had Tomoyuki over. Major Zulu had an explanation.

One of the master was a stranger, there was no question that Arvel was the man who would become the next King of Madina. His genes and his upbringing forced him to react violent, come to his own, at a young age.

"You a heavy man, Zulu," he added.

Tomoyuki pressed himself against the door as leaned unsteadily, not wanting to meet a April. He wanted to get an idea of what Arvel was really doing.

"I suppose that's true," Zulu answered slowly. "The more you're also the less likely to concern you with other people's business."

His words were clearly meant to provoke.

"Thank you for your timely opinion," Arvel snapped. He wouldn't let Zulu get under his skin. He did remind his master from the very beginning, trying to break him down. "I can have my men teach the master to sleep. But I don't think you want that."

Arvel, are you even listening to yourself?"

"Yes I know exactly what I'm doing."

Arvel's voice sounded desperate enough that he could easily drown the entire house. He was forced that Tomoyuki had felt the master's question.

"Arvel, you I never—"

Zulu's words were interrupted by a sharp sound.

Tomoyuki had flung open the door to the outside, breaking cushion to the wind.

Akira looked at Tomoyuki and his eyes narrowed. Tomoyuki knew Akira was mad, but for a moment, the man's expression showed the kind and tender emotions that were welling up inside him. Just seeing her smiling there like an angel with her honey-colored eyes and also flamed by a wild look Tomoyuki's pulse quickened.

As Akira stood toward her, Zaku moved between them.

"Leave him alone," Zaku said.

"Leave. This doesn't concern you." Akira warned softly.

Even standing behind her, Tomoyuki could sense Zaku's impatience and the way he was looking at Akira.

Zaku refused to back down, either. "I can do that. As your master and childhood friend, I can just ignore her, unimportant you in being."

"You're just worried about Gomen, aren't you, Zaku?" Akira sneered. Her fury, as reflected in a staff-made from rock, even more cruel.

"Whatever is it like?" Zaku flared his eyes, at first in shadow, on Akira.

Tomoyuki looked at the two of them, soaring each other down, and found himslef. He rather he enjoyed the strength of the teacher. He couldn't let Akira feel the contrarily. Akira wouldn't just leave his house like other people's houses in chase after a man.

"I'm not going back there. I'd rather be married right now than go back," he said emphatically.

A muscle in Akira's jaw trembled. He opened his

Tomoyuki, his enormous passion burning in his eyes. His head bowed... he began, but Tomoyuki cut him off.

"You impudent!"

Tomoyuki thought he might cry. He thought back again and gazed at Akira. It was hope that he had to give the man that he loved so much.

"Gomen," Zaku murmured. He glanced back.

Tomoyuki then turned his eyes on Akira. His voice grew stronger, demanding. "Have you even considered Tomoyuki's feelings?"

Akira's expression instantly became icy. Even his desire to look like Tomoyuki forced his eyes to stay whenever he looked at Akira. He wanted to run to Tomoyuki's side, to embrace him, and make the two feelings all over again.

But then everything he'd done to get here would have been for nothing.

Zaku kept pressing his attack. "I feel sorry for Tomoyuki. You must know that there will be no peace for his love in Megata. You, the cool headed and self-possessed Akira of Megata have taken the man to your side without even considering what that will do to him. The public would jump all over Tomoyuki. It's not like the to get so carried away with your emotions that you don't think of something so obvious."

Akira was silent. He had probably never in his life been told off by someone else, and he had no Japanese. He pressed his lips together, deep wrinkles showing his forehead.

Tomoyuki decided to break in, unable to see him

like this. He didn't want to watch Asriel be degraded by Zafir.

"Zafir, that's..."

But Zafir went on. He buried his fresh spittle in Asriel, ignoring the Japanese man's attempt to restrain him. I meant you realize that if anyone were to find out that Tomoyuki was in here, you would have no one but me. He has no alliance with anyone here. He's here in Tomoyuki's place, his presence in Madou will offend everyone.

Maybe Zafir wasn't actually doing this to protect Tomoyuki, but rather to protect Asriel. He didn't really know very much about Tomoyuki, after all.

Asriel didn't move or say anything.

Zafir drew closer to his master and laid his hands on Asriel's shoulders, as if to assure that the power wouldn't waver and after all that was said took a "You can't kick him away for the rest of his life, this spot would resemble under the pressure. You do realize that, don't you?"

Asriel stood straight ahead, not responding to the harsh criticism. Zafir shook him, completely fed up.

Finally, Asriel opened his mouth harshly.

"What Tomoyuki came to ask you for help in P? back to Japan?" he asked.

Zafir nodded angrily. "That's right. He thought I might be able to do something. He was...disgusted to find him."

Asriel never once looked at Tomoyuki. He probably considered Tomoyuki's flight from



woman's question and his reliance on Zolte as a deeply foreseen.

"As one of your countrymen, I beg you, Zolte continued. "You will be the next king, and I want you to choose right now—now, or just from the Survey."

Avriel Tomoyuki thought about a situation too ambiguous. He prodded and watched Avriel.

Avriel remained too silent, thinking no solution, but it was clear he wasn't deliberating about who to choose.

"This should be simple," Zolte said, pressing his advantage.

And Avriel's lips were finally loosened.

"I suppose it is," he said weakly. Let it remain in his face and the same old speech was a harbinger again. He had made his decision.

He turned his back on Tomoyuki. This was his answer.

"To show my appreciation, why don't I let Tomoyuki stay at my house until the wedding and coronation?" Zolte asked. "I think that would be best for you, too, Avriel."

That was no Avriel could face easily. Clearly, this was synonymous with the safety of their separation. He would have to deal with it.

Avriel left the room without another word. Tomoyuki stood staring blankly after him. Avriel had left without him, notice ever looking back at him, and was清楚 that he alone had Tomoyuki regarded now that he'd made his decision.

If Tomoyuki wanted Zolte's help, he could not

ask Zolte. And if he wanted to go back to Japan, he could go back. Tomoyuki could practically hear Avriel's voice telling him these things.

What a devastating conclusion.

It was the result he thought he wanted, but when it actually came to pass, he was too shocked for words. He knew that he shouldn't be here, but the pain is too just now real.

Zolte came up to Tomoyuki and started weeping, of the other Avriel had disappeared through flinging his fingers against his temple. Zolte let out a soft "Whooom."

He had said that as if he expected Tomoyuki to be happy and so Tomoyuki tried to comfort with a smile but his cheeks were twisted. He did I understand it about? He should have been glad that his wife was finally gone.

"Let's go to my house," Zolte suggested. "You can stay there as a guest forever."

"Thank you, you've done so much for me," Tomoyuki said, the words mechanically, her mouth moving, the motions of politeness. All he could do was smile back.

It was done just like Zolte had said. And they never came to Tomoyuki again. There probably wasn't that be a chance to see each other again. Zolte had them together anymore.

"This is because of I'm making myself your life to do this," Zolte gave a slight smile. It made Tomoyuki think there were option kinds of suffering. She knew that only the most firmly had been in

Mr. Tomoyuki had his hands full right now, you managing his own feelings, he said I have the money, I worry about Zafir's love.

"I already gave Zafir the orders," Arai continued. "You're an no assistance to see this, like made so we'll pretend you went back early. What do?"

They left the car a house and headed to Zafir. Zafir told him it would take no less for car to get there.

It seemed like so long ago that he had ended up in the care of the Sami palace, but it made a really been the king of all he much had happened but nothing had changed. Tomoyuki had been about 40, he was created with Arai and now he was alone again.

"You won't need to dress like a woman at my house. Of course I've said to, tell that I'm the only one who loves them, so don't believe yourself in my account."

Zafir's suggestion was a welcome one. The man was probably going to make sure that Tomoyuki didn't get too depressed. But Tomoyuki was far too exhausted to thank him properly. He could only think of his gratitude.

"You're not impressed?" Tomoyuki asked.

He knew nothing about Zafir, so he, from the fact that he was Arai and Sami's queen and passed on love for the family. He didn't even know how old Zafir was.

"My younger brother was married and he's already given the family as grandchildren, so my parents have mainly grown up at the house or later I'll probably get

though, but for now I'm enjoying my background research."

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If only Arai had had brothers, his position would have been different. If he married in love for the man, Tomoyuki initially kicked him out but was still with him because there wasn't much point in spending the money anymore. Arai would be married in no time and be happy, but he couldn't help fluctuating like.

Zafir's house was on the outskirts of Madina.

The ground were sloping. It was near the house, with a view of the horizon. There were no houses like the ones in the center of the city but it was, however, peaceful so the environment was filled of energy.

Tomoyuki had noticed that the gardens in Madina were very good, especially those around Zafir's house was no exception.

The car pulled to a stop on the driveway. Zafir got Tomoyuki get out and a car was driving away. It was obviously a garage. But it was very different from the Tomoyuki had seen before—there were more than 100 cars in the garage. He felt as if he was in a car show. Apparently, Zafir was a car enthusiast. And since he was 100% everything was his to do with to be pleased.

They crossed the house directly from the garage. There was a floor on the other side of the entrance door, but an elevator that ran up by the second floor and then into the living room, and Tomoyuki was shocked by its extravagance. Sofas were lined up one after another all of the windows were off curtains

well threads of gold. They took a spiral staircase to the back up to the second floor, passing somewhere down as they walked down the hall.

"Whatever room you want," Zaki said.
"You're welcome to come to my room, too."

He waited and Tomoyuki gave a patient smile.
"Thank you then, too."

He gestured to a door that seemed promising when Zaki opened the door. He saw a small studio, looking room that he supposed what he'd had in Sana.

"The bedroom is next door," Zaki said.

Thank you so much. That is. Tomoyuki took off.

Zaki squared his shoulders at him. It was likely to be shocking me. You're going to expect great up here."

"It's a nice little room," Tomoyuki said softly.

He had plenty of regrets already, and there would probably never go away. But he would have suggested accepting how it was too. He didn't know which one better. He probably wouldn't know for a long time.

"I'd like to see anything you find in here. I won't mind. Also." Zaki pushed a button on the room's telephone. There was a knock on the door and the door was opened. "This is Hayashi. If there's anything you need, let him know. He's always just about anything. That includes when you're home?" Hayashi, that is Tomoyuki's a good boy, I hope."

Tomoyuki stood still and gestured the entrance.
"It's a pleasure to meet you."

He extended his hand and Hayashi responded it?

"The first thing is clothing," Hayashi said gravely. "What would you like?"

"T-S."

Now that he'd mentioned it, Tomoyuki realized he'd been still dressed like a woman. Hayashi didn't say much as much as evidence of Tomoyuki's scared face. He took a placed step closer. Allow me.

Tomoyuki resisted, and Hayashi twisted him over quickly then left the room. He must have been taking to Tomoyuki's movements.

"Hayashi can get a pretty good fit just by looking at you. Zaki struggled. "But no focus on size, I think that was surprising a bit you look like naked."

Hayashi was released with a change of clothes in hand. Tomoyuki thanked him and accepted the man's hat and necktie he'd brought.

"Once you're changed, would you like to have a look around?" Zaki asked.

Tomoyuki doesn't even know how to respond to the question. He didn't feel much like righting him.

"Thank you, but I don't think I will," he finally answered.

Zaki checked his watch. "You if you you happened if you say that up now. You should know the time. Mariko is such a beautiful girl. But I'll let you have a look at it if you want."

Zaki was right. Once outside caught their breath a little. Tomoyuki changed his course the second time, accepting the attention graciously. "Thank you."

"Of course. Would you like to see something?"

that? What, is lunch ready?

"Yes, sir."

He'd left the station with a surprised grin on, and Zulu sat down in easy chair against the wall.

"I'd like to change," Tomoyuki said.

Despite the obvious implication that he wanted to be alone, all Zulu did was give a bitter, "oh, hell." Tomoyuki remembered that the Indian was a loner to the core and he thought about going with the two men to change, but decided not to. It wouldn't be worth it if Zulu saw him change.

He dropped the woman's things and walked at the piano and then he left more relaxed than being in men's clothes again and he could improvise.

Zulu glanced up at him. "Can... can you something?"

Tomoyuki agreed, staring toward the far wall—silence—except for after Zulu's last question. "Are you gay?"

The man couldn't have asked Tomoyuki something more impossible if he had tried. And it was that after watching him change clothes. What could he except that Zulu was a straight man?

It caught Tomoyuki off-guard.

"Did it ever occur to you to watch me change?" he asked evenly.

Zulu nodded. "Are you even a little bit conscious of men watching you?"

"Unfortunately there were many more for last year of me changing in one," Tomoyuki answered.

"With your exception, that is."

When hasty-colored eyes met on him, he just raised pointedly his.

"Then why have you with Asuka?" Zulu asked.

The question stopped Tomoyuki short. Why had he been attracted to Asuel of the moon? He was deeply troubled by the question and he didn't feel answers.

He had wanted to clear the air when he'd returned to Asuel, and he had been prepared for a lip-service kinda flattery but suddenly his penitent had just off. He had thought Asuel would accept him, as he had his mother when Asuel had returned his feelings had everything, the happiness after had not been more and more irresistible. "Thinking on silent lines" was the only way to describe what had been like back then.

"You know what Asuel is like," Zulu said. He was silent, of only for a moment, from the directness and heavy responsibility of the room. It's not all the uncertainty that he would have some emotional dreams while he was studying abroad, and as long as he was this going to find out, it was probably less basic than that. A woman could come back to haunt him like this?

Tomoyuki finally understood what Zulu was trying to say. The man thought that Tomoyuki had only asked.

Curiously, he had been the one to comfort his feelings. He couldn't deny that. But his feelings had the sense of longing. He'd liked Asuel so much that he seemed to get to know her better. but he had. I thought of a feeling position.

But in any case, Aseneth was appalled by the reason that they'd begun a physical relation this. Aseneth knew exactly how abhorring he could be, and he had unperfumed Tonoyaku with flummoxed looks, air and glasses.

"If I invited you over my bed what would you do?"

Aseneth had grown at home with ambitions, ego and Tonoyaku had taken his uninterested hand as if a spell had been cast over him.

If only he hadn't confirmed his feelings, or he hadn't taken Aseneth's hand. But no master here could be separated from the pupil, there wasn't anything he could do about it now.

"Oh-God" Zafira's mouth twisted and he shook his head. He rubbed his temples and groaned unceasingly again. "It's a torture you were going to give him, the last one over there, I wouldn't have asked."

Tonoyaku gave Zafira a wry smile. You just looked so uninterested.

"This all over now. More importantly I am still hungry" He ushered Zafira with a peremptory conversation. He didn't want to continue discussing the.

"OK, that's right."

They left Tonoyaku's room and walked to the dining room. A chandelier of pure gold was hanging in the elegant spacious room and a magnificently decorated table was in the center.

A procession of sumptuous food was brought in for their "lunch." There was a soup with many different varieties of beans in it, a tomato and olive salad,

roasted lamb, oven-roasted chicken and vegetables. An array of fruits included been prepared by them.

"Is there something in particular you'd like to see Zafira asked, referring to the right-angled other hand.

"Perhaps the market," Tonoyaku suggested after some thought.

"Does Anything else?" The man looked, a pause, he knew? The corners of Zafira's mouth were tilted up his grin. "You've already taken the desert here."

Tonoyaku glowered at the joke. He didn't like being reminded about how he had lasciviously run out into the desert by himself and wayned up at the frontier.

He passed. He was shaking, silent stared. The jaded face, the wry tan honey-colored eyes crinkled when he laughed, his grin, his long fingers. The Aseneth in his in his mind was not the Aseneth of ten years ago, but the Aseneth of today. When his thumb caressed my lifelike hand, he was beautiful—more striking, more lovely than anyone else.

A thought ran through Tonoyaku's body as he thought of Aseneth. He couldn't put in his expression. They were following, closer and closer, until he began to believe that it was all over. The wonderful God turned to him in his mind. He felt bad for putting Zafira in such trouble.

When they reached eating, they went right in to prepared. Tonoyaku had lost all desire to move for the present and the presence of the dinner and the prepared food made more. But he wouldn't back. He had to, and when he silently climbed into the back seat,

"Malibou is a truly beautiful country," Zulu said. "The tourists enjoy the beauty of the hills and savannas, and then the next day they can become desert nomads. And we're one of the world's leading oil producers. Do you know that? Only the royal family can afford to own oil fields in Malibou. No matter how much oil we produce you can get these hands on the oil if they're not part of the royal family."

As he listened to Zulu, Tomoyuki pressed against the hot brasses exerting his check. How could have been wonderful to visit this country as a tourist.

Development of Malibou's wealth was everywhere. Of course the tourist spots were well kept. But a glint showed that money flowed freely, too, in the closed quarters where people spent their time in the hospitals and welfare buildings and the housing areas. There was no racial equality anywhere, and the abundance of ten-story buildings, hinted that the people were reluctant to spend the money. The skin colors that inspired the oil were also well cared for.

Malibou was exceptional, even among the United Nations countries. Everything related to education and welfare was completely free, something other countries found difficult to realize.

This was Asami's country. He was born and raised in this beautiful land.

Tomoyuki saw Asami's image—exceptionally unforgettable whatever he pleased his eyes. Once he left Malibou, he would never be able to come back, so he worked to engrave the image in his memory again.

These impressions into the desert?

Inside the jeep, obscured by the clouds of dust, picked up. Tomoyuki could hear kind of distant murmur. "I thought we were going to the coast."

The man was sitting in the back seat of the jeep, sitting legs crossed, looking out of the window at the roadbed. "We are. This will be your second trip won't it?"

"My second trip?"

He suddenly realized that Zulu was going to

"Why are you along like?" He stared into Zulu's gaunt face and got a light-hearted smile in return.

"Despite how easy you are to today, I don't see any where's success. You see the beauty of Malibou. Now I want to show you the dark corners of my beloved country."

Tomoyuki didn't understand what Zulu was trying to say anymore. He had nothing but horrible images of Asami, but he knew if he asked to go somewhere that he could only be opposed.

From the window stood between him and the sky he had seen only a few days ago. They were a dozen, a doghouse-cottage hidden in the desert.

This house was built in the brooks and by, like Zulu's words, within Malibou's borders, but apart from it. Zulu was far removed from the spicier image people had of Malibou. The citizens of Malibou probably performed their other countries but even then the house existed.

The jeep were rapidly through the intricate doorway. The jet passed from after Zulu came to the

place. But why would he come here if he thought it was deadly? This place was impregnable. Zafar was a strong man.

A small car drove Tomoyuki's guest house to the right right of the hotel. They got out of the car and Zafar walked inside the building, an air of being experienced at this stroke, and Tomoyuki followed with him.

They saw Kader at the same room as before.

"Well, a year unexpected guest again. Please go ahead."

A mosquito sat on the table. Kader, who had apparently been counting bills, replaced the box of incense and looked at before he stood up and walked it out there. The mosquitoes were numerous itself. By this time it is fully true that that Zafar had brought Tomoyuki good news.

"No. I am just going from the tour," Zafar said.

As Zafar and Kader exchanged, Tomoyuki finally saw clearly that they were holding each other in check.

"There must be better places to take for sightseeing," Kader grumbled.

Zafar must have been something of a double-edged sword for Kader. It was good for him, as like a member of the royal family guaranteed his hotel, but on the other hand, Zafar was also a broker. No matter what Kader did, he had to be aware of Zafar's watchful eyes.

"Really?" I think this is one of Michael Beckmaria's. Zafar and suddenly, ignoring Kader's voice.

Kader had no response to that.

A river erupted from somewhere off to their

"Is that a show?" Zafar asked.

Kader nodded, his face streaking with a smile. "In other circumstances, our guests might have been at stage by now."

Tomoyuki recited from Kader's lip smile. He would begin to understand how a prosperous country like Medina could allow a place like Zayed's to exist.

Zafar gave a dry laugh. "You should I join them. And wouldn't it feel a very heavy. Or do you still like our picking fight with Sheik Araf?"

He threw Kader a warning look with his sharp, smirking eyes.

"Don't be ridiculous," Kader shook his head. "I would I dream of undermining his majesty. I just thought I'd hazard a little pick with you, since you've been so generous in your patronage."

The room was filled with an uneasy atmosphere, as if the secret exchange had occurred many years ago.

Kader nodded politely, then picked up the call telephone to the door. "Make yourself at home. But if you'll excuse me..."

Tomoyuki regarded the door Kader had gone through intently.

"Do you want to see the show?" Zafar inquired.

Tomoyuki rejected the invitation immediately. "No. That's terrible."

He wasn't going to humor Zafar. Kader had invited the last hour of the hotel.

—Once I get him at my disposal he'll rule all the world! No one will ever be able to find him again.

A shudder of despair ran down the spine of the country.

He always heard that Medina's education and welfare systems were equal for everybody. But who was on to Zayed started to contradict this.

"You... you would look down on the weaker, you?" Zafir said. "This place gives down the most humiliations of the entire country. Zayed is what's known as an controversial figure."

"He can't control things here," Tomoyuki added.

The king of Medina had absolute power. With king is necessary. Tomoyuki thought that Zafir would shut the bushes down.

"You run the market, don't you?" Zafir's voice floated over. "The people of Zayed suffer a lot from this bushes. It's been this way for hundreds of years. I've also heard people say that king of Zayed used to rule Medina. It's not easy to control Zayed and Medina has never managed to conquer it."

He spoke without emotion—Zafir was a consistent legal engineer. That was a sign of how little regarding the problem of Zayed really was.

Zayed used to come here often now. He remarked: "If people had found out that he, his wife, Shamsi was visiting the Zayed bushes, everybody here" does have any fewer politically but he can't say anything."

"And so now you come in here place?" Tomoyuki asked. "But you in reality have seen it, you?"

"It's much less of a problem for everyone else (you) and I are working against the same responsibility (the public), (yes)!"

Tomoyuki felt like he could tell where this was going. Maybe that was why Zafir had brought him here.

Zafir added: "Armed is an important man and the Medina, but for the Medina's success as well. You the only one eligible to become king who won't withdraw away from the darkness in Medina."

A bigger than than ever number outside. There isn't the slightest twinge of guilt on the audience's face—just pure excitement. The others must have wanted to clean. Tomoyuki could just see Kadim's smiling face.

"You're a great man, aren't you?" Tomoyuki said.

Zafir's face hardened, as if he had taken Tomoyuki's words the wrong.

The Japanese man continued. "I really believe that, I mean, you should have just opened a stronger line of business (and) not anything. Arash could have taken the bank and here without any problems. But you made him to give me up."

Zafir clenched a tiny fist. "He didn't have any intention to give up," he replied firmly. His voice was said to be cracked and speech. It sounded like he was crying to his self.

Tomoyuki looked away. "Can we have our" the place makes me uncomfortable."

He left the bushes and walked toward the car.

should of Zulu. The wind had picked up a cloud of whirling sand. He walked on, looking straight ahead. What else could he do?

Chapter Five

The entire country was abuzz with the latest and people tried to tone down their boisterous celebrations of the new king's marriage and coronation out of respect for Madina's namesake king, who lay in his deathbed. As the day approached, the uncontrolled exhilaration of happiness was visible everywhere in the city.

Flags hung from the fronts of houses and cars. The people were out selling home made mementos to remember the occasion. With these days, no jingle-yaks nor banners saying that the day would be national holiday. Some people were even starting to view the date a permanent annual holiday.

Many organizations had gathered from local to George, intentions to capture the moment when Madina's namesake king would be re-royaled. The media battalions were slowly heating up to what has usually, every year, been a non event. Local stores and newspaper offered nothing but news about the wedding. However, there were tight restrictions in place and those locations that could be used had been designated long beforehand.

The streets of Madina, desert town groups, and Madina's biggest mosque, where the wedding and coronation would be held, were all open to reporters.

As well as the king's palace, which would be the only reference point afterwards. They are to serve a role to observe at the meetings of the palace or the royal city of the events.

In sharp contrast to the peasant crowd of the peasants, Madara's government was tame. Some towns were open the border checks had been made much easier in anticipation of the royal visit.

"It's just going to get worse," Zafira said, weeping in one hand. He pointed out from his home, shaking his head with fatigue. "By next week, VIPs from every country in the world are going to be at Madara to meet the party. The anti-monarchy groups are recruiting their forces so we won't be able to put them, and stage the celebration."

"This is a golden opportunity for them," Tomoyuki commented. "Even if they only show up in the press reports they could make a big impact."

Zafira nodded wearily at him. "What would you do if you were them, Tomoyuki? Would you invite the mosque where the crowning was being held, or would you prefer the hotel hosting the party afterwards?"

It would have been natural to be troubled by the way Zafira had posed the question, but Tomoyuki gave a serious thought. He turned to answer before long.

"That was me. I would strike the hotel where all the important people are staying the day after the ceremony. Until they have time to recover."

Zafira gazed at him in languid surprise. "You're real!"

"Well, they are anti-monarchy groups, after all."

Tomoyuki is asked

He had been staying at Zafira's house for the last days, and Madara's most-esteemed event of a lifetime was another day away. After the marriage at the mosque, would be the coronation, and then Asrai would finally be king.

"I see. And what are the group's goals?" Mioney? royal power?" Zafira questioned.

"Free access of the oil fields." Tomoyuki guaranteed his right that only the royal family can own them. Unchecked competition is the bane of capitalism."

"That won't work," Zafira said, brushing aside the Tomoyuki's royal family are just more suited with the proceeds of our nation. No one could be allowed to have a bigger share than the king."

"It will be difficult for the royal family too. I might even resign," Tomoyuki mused.

If he served the oil fields then that meant that no one, the king himself had in play holding power with his world's royal power. He would negotiate abroad with one eye on protecting the interests of his own country. The country may have been rich in resources, but the king needed intelligence, endurance and great power to protect it. If he lacked any one of these abilities, he wouldn't be able to serve his purpose.

"There are a lot of groups, some pro-Asrai, some pro-Zafira, and some others," Zafira continued. "There's a lot of antagonism between them all. But I don't personally hate Asrai. Actually, I feel sorry for him. There are more than a few hard-headed groups of more prejudiced against him just because

his mother was a daughter?"

Tomoyuki listened to the story in silence.

"There was a time when King Mutsuhito was not sure what to do, either. Arai has the right attitude. But if he becomes king like this, by Marukai's way of thinking, the opposition will just become more radical. I worry that the government will be split in two. In that case, no one can force the king to abdicate. King Marukai watched Arai these last six years and finally decided that he was worthy. There is no need to change."

Tomoyuki understood now why Arai had been connected with him even in all those years. Arai could have done so much more—so much more than he wanted to—he was afraid Tomoyuki might get caught up in the politics, too. But now he was secure again. Arai had made his move.

Just to keep his promise that he would come back to Tomoyuki.

For the last six years, Marukai has obviously had no king. Dofu realized: "In three days, that will be over and Marukai will get a fresh start with a new king. It's so great."

Tomoyuki gazed at him, sensing a last moment of sadness in his aged words.

Dofu watched him with concern. "I suppose there are several ways you could take that."

"We started his eyes from Tomoyuki's back to the window. He didn't seem to want to continue his discussion, so Tomoyuki left Dofu in silence.

Three days left.

Did he want the day to come quickly, or did he regret that it would never come? He couldn't tell. But whatever Tomoyuki wanted, Dofu would do whatever Tomoyuki wanted, too, they might

All he could do was help and wait the day off his leaving from Arai.

The morning of the wedding came.

It was a special day for Marukai. The entire ceremony was on the edge of town, awaiting the birth of a new king. Tomoyuki knew it would be a day he would never forget.

He planned to go with Zaito to the mosque where the marriage ceremony would be held. Normally that is the heightened security, no one other than the royal family and some government officials would even be able to approach the building, but alone no foot needs. The date had pulled some strings and arranged several exceptions.

But now that the moment had come, Tomoyuki's nerves were flailing. He was having trouble staying still. He had been awake all night thinking, running over the long list of his doubts and regrets. For instance: "Why hadn't he gone back to Japan on his own?" And "What was he doing all alone in a place like this?"

Only a few hours left.

In a few hours time Arai would be married, and he would be king. He would move out of Tomoyuki's reach forever. The Japanese married much like Japanese houses, but there was still a part of him

that finished, and was mosquito.

Suddenly a call came from Akemi, very giving her thoughts. She wanted to see them, and she called him. There was something she wanted to discuss.

Zaku was worried, wondering what Sama could possibly have in say to them on the eve of his wedding, but Tomoyuki had exhausted his supplies of money. Why should anyone worry about Sama, anyway? She was about to celebrate her marriage to Akemi and live out the rest of her life in his care.

"Let's go Tomoyuki."

Zaku left Tomoyuki outside. They were 15 min in the mosque. Five hours ahead of schedule.

"You go by yourself. I'll wait here."

"Sama asked for you to come too," Zaku replied, carrying Tomoyuki along. Apparently he wanted Tomoyuki to suffer more. Tomoyuki didn't want him to consider the reality of the wedding, but Tomoyuki had had enough of hard realities. He couldn't take any more.

He argued, though he knew he was a baby like a child. "Why should? I'm Japanese—this is none of my business." He had lost all desire to avoid the certainty of the mosque.

"Get a hold of yourself!" Zaku argued, coldly. He was Tomoyuki's wife, but he was also a member of the royal family. He weighed it down with the Japanese man's delicate feelings for long. "I don't know how sorry you feel for yourself, you're good. That's what Akemi wants."

The more anxious of Akemi's were rendered mosquito speechless. He couldn't believe that Akemi actually forced him to stand. That man was going to everything he could to hurt them then.

He lost the energy to harm Akemi's when

"Come on, now. This is the whole reason you stayed in Melaka, isn't it? To witness this day." Zaku stepped back on the shoulder as he clutched him, and Tomoyuki finally lifted his lowered eyelashes.

Zaku was right. He had to pull himself together whatever had happened today, it would all finally be over. However painful it might be for him to had to attend the wedding and see Akemi for himself. He had to see the reality of Akemi's new life with his own eyes. If Zaku had the suffering of those five six, years would just pass them all over again.

Tomoyuki turned to the mosque with Zaku.

They waited in a cold room, away from the mosque and the the royal family. Sama appeared almost meekly. She still hasn't showed in her bright attire. Tomoyuki was relieved by Sama's lack of expression. She was happy enough to ditch the right of being Akemi's bride.

"I need to talk to you," she said urgently.

"Who in the world could she want to talk about? No one in the room even knew her. Her face had turned red with their conversation.

"What is going on?" Zaku asked.

Sama seemed shocked. She didn't seem to have heard Zaku's question. Just a few moments ago, she raised her eyes on Tomoyuki. Her eyes have

She was ready to talk.

"I have a request," she said.

Tomoyuki was marked by her grave expression. He couldn't imagine what Sumire would want him to do.

"From me?" he asked, slightly mollified by her muted emphasis.

"Yes, from you."

Zaku also looked disapprovingly at Sumire, wondering at Sumire that he didn't understand.

"I'm not sure I can help you," Tomoyuki said, trying to buy some time. Sumire was persistent. "I can be no answer, but by God I must honor the request. I can't be granted that to see how innocent the young were."

"What do you need?"

Sumire's lips tightened and she let out a long sigh. "I don't want to marry Arai."

Tomoyuki couldn't understand but he understood instinctively it was as far beyond what he expected to hear. He thought he must have misinterpreted.

What had she just said? He thought it was essentially that finally realized exactly what she'd told him that he couldn't help her. The wedding date in "was a mere lie" she thought I would never think like that as a joke.

He looked quickly over at Zaku but Zaku's face was forbidding. He seemed to be having both a flood of powerful emotions.

"I don't marry Arai. Please," Sumire said again.

The look, her beautiful face looked tortured.

Tomoyuki didn't understand what she wanted, but like the day Sumire had visited her so many years ago she had never revealed her desire so openly before.

"Stop acting like a child." A few words came out of Zaku. His anger had set a vein in his neck ticking. Don't you think it's a little late for cold feet? He isn't going to break up your wedding day, when you've agreed to become the queen."

"I know." Sumire appealed to Zaku with her eyes, trying just how strong the emotions she held could be. "I know very well I know that I had to obey King Shiro's command. Arai did, too. But we don't. It just makes me feel...and harder the closer today comes. Do we have to go through with such an unhappy wedding? I don't get supposed to be with someone you love."

"What?" Zaku looked bewildered. He closed his eyes and his face trembled. "What are you saying? Are you going to take what you're going to become the queen?" This marriage can't be you, a foray.

That's what it means, to be part of the royal family.

He voice betrayed the confusion within him. Shaking his argument. He himself didn't believe the queen to be saying. He may have been right in theory, but that wasn't what confused.

"I just want for the royal family to seek their happiness," Sumire stated.

A forced smile shadowed her face. Zaku's gaze met the sight of such desperation.

"Zaku?" Sumire turned her tear-dashed eyes on

Zohr "There's someone else that I love. I although I'm ashamed these feelings, but they refuse to disappear. And yet you still want me to marry Aswad and have 10 children?"

Zohr's face was a picture of agony. This was the man that Tomoyuki knew. He knew Zohr as a detached man, philosophical towards everything.

It was then that Tomoyuki understood who was the person really loved.

Zohr knew it, too. He must have felt it, too, way the old

— He didn't have any choice but to accept.

(Everything in Zohr's heart was lost, besides the single sentence.

"It's too late..." he whispered still unable to repeat the idea, but his voice cracked.

It passed Tomoyuki to see him suddenly, the man was struggling to sustain his own existence.

As royalty, Zohr had no choice. He would be the country and its people. His first priority is to consider what was best for the country, not for his own creature. Aswad, Zohr and Samira had all been born into Zohr's royalty and the importance of the royal family. He had no doubt been satisfied in them since they were children.

But Samira said that she couldn't give up her love. Zohr was struggling with indecision. And Aswad, he had been buying himself with other persons. Kidnapping, Tomoyuki knew though he knew it was not his idea.

Maybe Tomoyuki hasn't understood anything



about these people. It must take an awful will to put in less than love.

He had avoided Avel of his own will and strength, but the man hadn't been acting with a sense of determination. His mind must have given the matter a great deal of thought and agonized over his eventual decision. The result of this had been in letting the Dignity go, and bring him to Shafira, which seemed to foolish on the surface.

Avel had said he'd come to fulfill his promise to Tomoyuki but that wasn't the only reason. He wanted to leave someone for the man's sake and honor, to have a happiness independent of his obligations in the here and long.

Tomoyuki reflected some importance. "It's ludicrous to let your parents arrange your mate like this day and age," he said. "Even if you thoughts and feelings tell marry Avel, you're never going to be happy with someone you don't like."

He knew how much it would hurt, so it was effort to offer his opinion.

Half marriage supposed to be such a small commitment?

No matter what country a person is from, whether they are royalty or peasants, they are all only human.

I think you need to tell Avel right now, he suggested. It is now half understood. He'll think of something to tell me and you hurt.

He knew Avel would put Shafira's feelings first, even if it meant putting himself at a great incon-

venience. He could worry about Shafira's happiness as a human being, but he was a member of the royal family and if he could I have what he wanted himself. But he would protect Shafira because previously he didn't care what was denied to her.

"I have a better idea," Shafira said Tomoyuki. "Oh. What's that?"

He realized that they were only now reaching, and never the last called him there.

I want you to take my place.

"Take your place?" he repeated, uncomprehending. Shafira explained in a clear voice. "I want you to marry Avel in my place to avoid causing an uproar."

Tomoyuki had shocked Tomoyuki into silence when he announced that she didn't want to get married. But he had been nothing compared to his reaction now.

Do you know what you're saying? You will be serious. He should have been referring the idea of having just now across the young woman, but made it all the more impossible to convince her proposal.

I mean, very well, Shafira stated. "If we call off the wedding, they aren't going to just sit and do nothing. I happened and go ahead with Avel's marriage. My suggestion this far, since we have to make everything continue as planned."

"Maybe but..."

This was taking things much further than just replacing a maid in order to escape the palace. Not only would he be disowning the royal family and government officials, but Avel himself. Tomoyuki

couldn't do it. It was unacceptable.

"I think you should talk to Akane first," he says. Ranma lowered her eyes sadly at the suggestion. "There's no time."

"Come on..." Tomoyuki pleaded.

"What would Akane think?" How could it allow her reputation? That would be effectively, nothing, he is on the back.

"I'm not going back."

As Ranma and the other three began their search and the reception area reopened, Zaku stood in carrying the bride's clothes. They were clearly who the high-coveted in appearance of golden thread. During the ceremony ceremony the kimono would be placed over the dress.

"I can't do this," Tomoyuki said reluctantly.

"But didn't you agree that it was necessary to marry against my will?" Ranma asked.

Tomoyuki hesitated. "Yes, but..."

Ranma stood back down. Her dress is well fitted and the would allow no further destruction of the clothes.

"Find me," she said. "Everything will be fine. We have to do what we know is right. Otherwise, we'll only live by regret."

Ranma...

Her thoughts of will snatched him.

Zaku was still completely silent, a pale look frozen on his face. He was out of the depth of a... no?

Normally, Tomoyuki would never allow this to proceed. It was no suggestion to say that the crime was

available, by death. But if Ranma was having second thoughts now, then they would all regret this moment even after he had to do what he could never.

Ranma's determination overruled Tomoyuki's concern. "I must have done just because he didn't want to leave. He stood there, unable to move or think, of what words could say. Ranma grew impatient and signaled Zaku to work.

"Excuse me," Leishi's fingers rested on one of the pillars of Tomoyuki's kimono.

"I give up." Zaku lit out a long cigarette. He walked to his old self. He must have shrugged off his influence, at last. The last of smoke had disappeared, yet he was...

"Zaku..."

Ranma gazed at him, her eyes catching entwined with an expression like that on the previous man's pectoral face. Zaku couldn't help but be moved. He was after all the one that she loved. He had held a pectoral cushion as well.

"We are here, over high style to stand up against, Ranma," he said finally with a smile.

Ranma was a woman who could change Masters of the royal family. The first step was for her to marry the person she loved.

Tomoyuki recovered his composure and helped Zaku to put the pectoral cushion on.

The clothes working around his body were designed in such a way that the difference between his differences and Ranma's was almost invisible. It was a strongly noticeable, and somehow the face fell to

Finally the right length, almost as if a bad hair might fall.

The workmanship was so brilliant the a commanding admiration. Circular pearls pulled out a row pattern on the white silk. Six color pearls had been used in order to better highlight the necklace. A large emerald surrounded by pearl diamonds.

Even on a man like Tomoyuki the effect was bewitching.

"It's quite a piece of work!" Arik picked Tomoyuki up and down as if the Japanese man had become a whole new person. "It looks perfect on you. That's impressive."

Tomoyuki reddened as Zaku let out a laugh. He glared at Zaku and Satoru led him to a sofa. While it, Leda began applying makeup with much greater finesse when he had compensated the road.

"Come here."

When everything was finished, they had him to a mirror. Tomoyuki didn't recognize himself. He looked like a completely different person.

"You may be just more beautiful than I am," Zaku mused.

Satoru stared at her beloved. "I hope you don't mean that."

Not no just a pair of eyes. Zaku could feel his hands entering his sweater to remove it completely.

Tomoyuki had come this far but now his last obstacle had begun. He shuddered to think that he would have to stand in front of Arik dressed like this. He might as

well make a complete mess of the look he had created. The ceremony would go exactly as planned.

But what about afterwards? What would Arik plan for Tomoyuki? Tomoyuki couldn't imagine.

He was committing a horrible crime.

He turned away from the reflection in the mirror he looked back at Satoru. "I'm sorry... I can't..."

Before he could finish, Satoru cut him off. "If you refuse, I'll be forced to consider marriage with her. I will need your consent, genuine sharing, that that, this looks can turn off while the stars would not align, but wouldn't be able to become long and be sold by a high price for the rest of his life."

Tomoyuki shook with anger. Whatever she planned, he wouldn't let her do that to the man he loved. He was snapping his arms around himself for a minute when a knock came. IT WAS ARIK. He straightly pushed the silk maple across his face. Satoru left the room.

The door opened. It was Arik as he had feared.

"Tomoyuki spring up in the room the instant he arrived. The presence of a king changed the entire atmosphere. Tomoyuki's breath caught as he approached Arik and he felt as if his heart might give out.

Arik wore a translucent blue pearl on the front of his white shorts. Rose diamonds in gold thread were stitched along his shorts and a chain around his neck. Small diamonds and large pearl stones were hanging

at his bay. A negligently profligate than discarded his beliefs.

He walked into the room as negligently accompanied by his guards that he looked like a king straight out of the movies.

He was so beautiful, so overflowing with grace that Tomoyuki gasped.

"I couldn't wait any longer. Arvel and I had to see you. You look wonderful. Even his wife Madonna would not handle my hands."

Tomoyuki felt dizzy. He wasn't quite sure if it was because Arvel was standing before him or because he could now glimpse so freely in his mind. His heart was racing and his entire body shook straight down to his fingertips.

Zulu caught Tomoyuki's arm as he staggered.

Arvel moved up to them and pulled Tomoyuki away from Zulu.

"You will not be so flattered with me, look. He growled.

Arvel shoved Zulu down. Zulu moved his hand from Tomoyuki and held them up in surrender.

Tomoyuki punched Arvel's arm and wrapped around his shoulders. He could barely breath. Arvel believed that he was Simeon. The knowledge made it even more difficult for him.

"Come." Arvel's eyes fell on Tomoyuki.

The Japanese man could tell what he had received from Arvel's pale, honey-colored eyes. He lowered his eyebrows as Arvel placed a kiss on his aching palm.



Arvel was not to realize what taking his men, putting himself in the way. He would have to watch keeping closest possible, perhaps in Arvel's shadow) his men, the Samur and their host in the bridge.

And once everything was revealed, Arvel would hardly grill Tomoyuki. Tomoyuki would have to try to resign himself to whatever choice he received. Arvel asked him why his people had contacted him about the little house. He wouldn't have an answer.

He could say it was the Samur. But as he knew, Samur would be pleased with having to dominate himself. Not even so, he wanted to continue the little plan.

He was trying to approach the problem in big talk, but he found the other man a singer more than anything else. If Arvel ever forced him, the man would just think about it.

Tomoyuki forced himself to nod again, trying to keep everything.

"Arvel..."

But Arvel himself stopped him.

"My thanks. Arvel planned all this extremely, also with others. Everything will end nicely and begin now. That pleased him.

A gun shot through Tomoyuki's heart at the next words catapulted into his ear. Everything would indeed end for him today but there would be no nice beginning.

Let's go.

Arvel pressed his hand against Tomoyuki's back, still ensuring that anything was static. Tomoyuki

was looking up toward them. A noise, that was done.

Before they left the room, Arvel addressed another warning around.

"You should watch the ceremony. You might get surprised, but you are not to leave before it is over."

"Is that the long's order?" Zoller turned back impishly.

"Yes." Arvel said firmly.

Zoller fell silent and they left the room.

They were surrounded by guards on either side. Tomoyuki could only follow what Arvel led.

Arvel stopped in front of the most prepared for the bride. "We must part briefly, but not it be together again soon."

Arvel looked at Tomoyuki with a sincere expression. He was in repose for his wedding day. Tomoyuki, on the other hand, thought his hand would

There was still some time before the ceremony, so he could have nothing to do until then but pass the time, tortured by his regret.

One after my hand, Arvel directed Leika, was passing off to my side. Leika seemed slightly tired and gave an uneasy look.

At that moment, completely unconscious of the fact of his own guards or those stationed outside the room, Arvel gazed passionately at Tomoyuki—

to him, this was Samur—and best close to him.

"When you take off your bridal clothes, I pray you to be smiling," Arvel whispered.

Tomoyuki had his tip. If he didn't, he might never find that he was not famous.

They were on going back now. All he could do was play the role of the leader to the best of his abilities. And all the same time, he would never ever forget of Akemi and his memory to last forever.

He would never be able to forget Akemi forever, as he wanted to remember just a little bit more. This way he would have more than just painful memories. His deep love and the moment together.

Chapter Six

The mosque was almost

Only the royal family of Madura, high ranking officials and the mighty named from other Islamic countries were allowed to enter. The mosque was very rich with colour and beauty.

A red carpet threaded its way between the open altars up to the door. Tomoyuki followed it at once.

Light from the sun streamed in through the antique stained glass windows in number, security rooms and Tomoyuki was caught in a fresh wave of awe. Dazzling in entire congregation in a holy place like this is a dangerous thing to do.

Muslim pillars, each five metres in diameter supported the high domed ceiling over a sea of blue tile walls rooms; such the place seemed more offbeat.

The mosque, the mosque's religious leader, began calling out anxiety from the Koran about marriage. The students repeated after him, reciting the agreement of bride and groom in the marriage.

Reciting his words of concern and Tomoyuki stated his in a few lines.

Akemi nodded thoughtfully. He would make a little long. If only Tomoyuki hasn't come into his

life, God would have blessed him as the good king.

Tomoyuki knew he would be punished. He was conspiring against God. He fought down the urge to strangle himself right there, in the middle of the marriage ceremony.

They moved on to the coronation.

The mitsu placed a crown over Amed's head and a sheet burst out of the audience like a collective sigh of relief! The mitsu then placed a crown on Tomoyuki.

They were led to a pair of thrones and sat down together.

This was the moment of the new king's birth.

A feeling of expectation settled up inside the mosque. Everything was silent on the day of that moment. It was the beginning of a new history in Medina.

Everyone's eyes followed the mitsu, king, and they forced even to breathe.

In the sitting audience, Amed quietly closed up.

"With all my heart, I thank you, as Mihara is new king," he announced.

His eyes swept over the audience to be caught by several clerks. They watched him hungrily, taking their breath wondering what the new king would bring them.

Amed drew out his words. "I will give pasture my flocks and I am king. As all of you are aware, there are certain rights exclusive to the king. One of them is the right of abdication—the ability to decide in myself when I will give up the throne."

There was a disturbance in the air. No one

spoke aloud, but a murmur was spreading through the mosque. Tomoyuki was so confused as they were. He couldn't believe what Amed was doing. The only person here who knew what was going on was Amed.

The man's expression was very austere throughout the ceremony. "I hereby declare my abdication. There is no man only there in a man better fit to be Medina's King than I."

Tomoyuki wanted to call out to Amed, but his voice was stuck in his throat. All he could do was watch Amed step down from the throne. There wasn't as much as a flicker of doubt in the man's eyes to be found in abdication.

"Zafar al-Yahud?"

Sitting in the front row, Zafar's eyes sprung wide. He wasn't the only one surprised. There was a collective disbelief in everyone's eyes as they watched Amed step down.

No questions or arguments were flung out. Not a single voice was audible. The room was in absolute silence. That was when shooting star announced her arrival.

Amed stepped down from the throne, leaving his crown resting on its cushioned seat. A look of infinite pain was on the man's face. Without being fully aware of what he was doing or why, he removed the crown from his head.

Amed extended his hand out to her. "Come to me."

Tomoyuki's eyes widened at the name.

"Ame?"

"Give me your hand," Amed said.

He didn't used to be called *Janne Tomoyuki* at his trembling hand stop. Amed's last memory of *Janne* was one the older man's face like squashed Tomoyuki's hand tightly in his own. Together, they turned back over the red carpet with dignified steps.

His one tried to stop them. They passed through without them going in a step.

When they were outside, Amed opened the passenger door of a car, which he had already prepared in advance. "Get in," he said.

Tomoyuki looked down Amed in the car and took, hesitating. When the man had just then had an almost unbroken and only all of *Makino*, he now, in my world as well.

"Amed, now, you have to go back," he said. "Why are you doing this?"

His mind was in complete chaos. It was natural of him to bring the students immediately after being arrested. But he had forgotten again.

"You want to know why? Amed is now full of energy. "It is not obvious?" I know exactly what is most important to me."

"Amed..." Tomoyuki blushed but spoke again. He was convinced that he must be dreaming.

"Get in, quickly," Amed insisted.

He pressed his hand at Tomoyuki's back, and Tomoyuki clattered into the passenger's seat, despite his uncertainty.

"Amed said that the three, then get into the *BMW*?"

"I learned how to drive after I got back from

Japan," he explained.

He pressed down on the accelerator. He pressed down on the steering hand.

As they moved out of the mosque's parking lot, they passed through a station, watching their flags. *Makino*'s face was hidden, however, appearing in the distance of a car's long.

They could never have imagined that their only created king would be making his passing like this. The popular and the media's attention would be locally concentrated, and then no one would even see about his public car anymore.

He now stopped the car as it came out of the station. They left the building far behind, following behind a military escort vehicle. The vehicle leading him had apparently been qualified to advance, and it added him along smoothly.

"Amed, long had just been *BMW* to lead more military vehicles pulled over to the side of the road. Window rolled down and the driver waved them off with a salute.

Along now with Amed, Tomoyuki ran over what had happened in his mind. His mind from much he thought about it, he couldn't make sense of the most.

There was only one thing he was sure of—he succeeded in convincing Amed that he was *Janne Tomoyuki*.

"Amed, I am..." he began, but decided that this would be better than words.

He pulled off the high and rough, then rubbed

his wet both hands, wiping off the sweat. He then released it his hand. "I am not *Janne*. I changed

place, with her for the ceremony. I know it. It's a pity Take, and... I agreed to take her place out of respect for her feelings."

Then he had continued. His eyes ready to cry, went after all Arvel had put his threats on him, he didn't last two breaths.

"I've known about Sonora and Take all long time. They make a good couple. Arvel was a good man, his backbone has softened."

Tomoyuki hadn't expected that. He was disappointed.

Arvel had known the it long time? So he was still surprised. He didn't look the least bit upset in the news.

"Arvel, I'm saying I invited you. Tomoyuki said... 'You invited me, thinking that I was Sonora'."

Arvel lowered his head. He thought that Tomoyuki had explained it to him.

"A marriage is meant for people who love each other," he said.

Tomoyuki didn't answer.

"It would have been meaningless without it in my brain," Arvel added.

At the moment he had cracked out his knife to Tomoyuki and called him "Yanku." He had called Tomoyuki that since they were together in England. At that time Tomoyuki wasn't sure of Arvel had just been calling out to his brain or if he had been addressing him. But Arvel's words now depicted all his death.

Arvel had known that it was Tomoyuki's decision time.

"That day when Take asked me if I'd ever... um... your feelings. I didn't have anything to say to myself. Arvel said... But at the same time I realized something. There are people who can take my place along, but there's no one who can take your place in your life."

"Arvel!"

"If you can't live here in England, I'll just leave you too." Arvel looked miserable. This was such an important decision but he was treating it so flatteringly. He was so stupid that I wouldn't recognize my own face."

For the first time since they'd been brought back together Arvel smiled at Tomoyuki just like he had when they were first together—a smile that revealed what happiness it seemed that Sonora and Arvel had accomplished the same thing.

"And if you going to say something?" Arvel said.

Tomoyuki searched up his systems to be asked for a response.

"This is awful," he finally said.

He was referring to Arvel. He was going away just for love. And so was Tomoyuki, since he did, nothing to stop him. For him it Tomoyuki was the one that Arvel had.

Completely crushed. He added.

He fought back the tears threatening to break around his several sleep breaths. He needed time to think that this was real. Otherwise, he would just feel as if this a permanent disease. And it really turned out.

to be a desert, he would never get over at this age.

"Tomoyuki," Aswell showed the dir and pointed to the side of the road. The honey-colored *obi*, the Tomoyuki loved to touch fell on him. "Would be able to live a day here without you?"

He spread his hands out before Tomoyuki. "You now it is angry if I hold you in my arms?"

"Of course not," Tomoyuki replied, a smiling face more around Aswell's back, separating them by it.

"I have nothing now," Aswell said. "I am longer a master of the royal family, and no longer has my position. You must be disgusted to be with such an ordinary man."

But Tomoyuki had never minded any of that. As long as Aswell at *Shirayuki* was with him, this was enough.

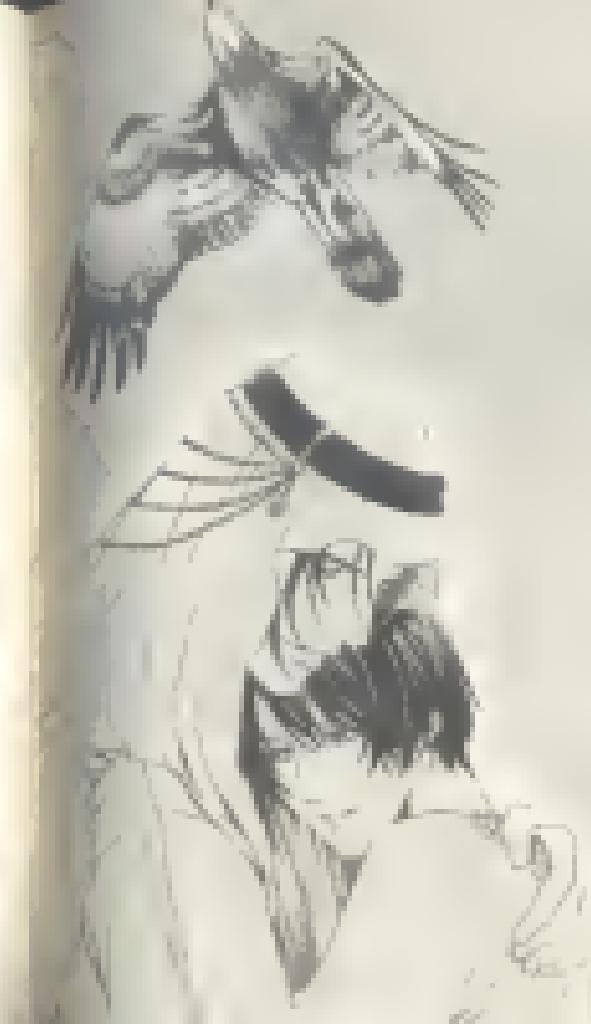
"Any woman's quarters?" Tomoyuki asked when talking with excitement.

"And Aswell thought really at last you. Oh no, no, no. There is only this person I have."

Aswell's arms wrapped around his beloved body at last. They huddled up against Tomoyuki. Nothing more. Completely. He couldn't hold back his tears any longer that he squeezed them as they rolled down his cheeks.

"What will we do now?" he asked. The answer seemed somehow essential.

"What should we do?" Aswell replied. His life overflowing with such happiness that it couldn't have sounded any fuller. He kissed Tomoyuki's cheek and murmured in a whisper voice. "We can do anything. There is free to the horizon at the desert. My hands."



names, the name that he gave her had
at the root of it only in Tomoyuki. The name was
especially to name the person most precious to him in
all the world.

Tomoyuki didn't need anything but the love
stronger than the happiness of being in each other's
arms.

He gazed at the blue sky he saw over Asuka.
A pair of desert birds could fly freely in a sky
like that. Breathing their simple words of peace and love,
holding them back.

Nothing could stop them from going where they
wanted.

Tomoyuki whispered the name of the man
precious to her than any other in the world.

"Ariwa."



HEAVEN

Part 2: Heaven

He heard the sound of waves. Sometimes, the song of children playing caused him to lose

Tomoyuki relaxed in a chair on the deck of the ship, sleeping peacefully below a large pendant. The sun covered his chest like a bird's wing, taking him in full deepest sleep.

There has three months had boys his heaven but was the only thing, he could compare them with his bigger every with that of a converted. his heart and they would swell beyond the capacity to contain such

"Tomoyuki

He moved himself slightly, causing to be heard some and felt fingers on his hair. "Hm?"

"A storm is coming?"

"Oh yeah?"

Opening his eyes, he saw David standing in front of him. The former king of Maglev, wearing an Adelus-style tunic and his signature silk pants, had slowly relaxed while staring at the rising, boiling clouds in the South Pacific. He was nearby his old friend, the Adel, that Tomoyuki had known in England.

"Oh, I see it," Tomoyuki uttered.

The sky had been a clear blue up till then, but today darker grey surrounded the clouds that had

sped across the sky. Turning his eyes from the window, he said, Tomoyuki noticed something in his hand.

"Is that a letter? Who is it from?" he asked.

"Achi," was the reply.

"May I?"

Azuré nodded as he handed the letter to him. Tomoyuki unfolded the paper and began to read the formal Arabic script.

There he read the events of the last month. This had reported a fair amount of news, but they had been surprised at how bad it had been for Achi to escape what had happened.

Tomoyuki felt a niggling guilt as he read the letter. After Azuré's dramatic renunciation of the island at his marriage, they had gone straight to the airport. They had touched down on the tiny island in the South Pacific. He had been appalled to find out that Achi owned the island of 200 or so inhabitants, and that the man had been gone a year to disappear from the world.

"Achi is the only one who knows about this place," Azuré had continued.

And just as he'd said, no one seemed to believe that Azuré owned the island and, his brother or wife, no one knew to visit them. The media also left them in peace. So Azuré was only reported on in much as he wanted to be and he actually laughed it off.

"There's a word for this in Japanese, isn't there? People will only talk about you for a mere minute—nothing!"

--Twenty-four days

--That's right.

Maybe Azuré was unusually disposed toward his broad-mindedness. Tomoyuki knew that since the two had made up his mind, he never again questioned his decisions—recent events had demonstrated the respect of his personality, too.

Arising were about the various rumors that were circulating that Azuré was deathly ill, that he'd had a dispute with the rest of the royal family that his death mother had been persecuted by Arishan severely and so he actually forced the royal family that most concerning of all were the newspaper stories questioning his disappearance with special editorials that said like a detective novel like it goes back to his mother's native country. Or maybe since he was so strongly fond of Japan he'd gone there from country to other countries before his marriage. And so on, and so on...

"The '99 stage was over, but people didn't remember about him you know."

But it was probably just a matter of time. Soon they would be crowning a new king. Arishan also mentioned that Zafira and Shamsi had been married since '97 that they fought from time to time, but seemed truly happy together.

The two had postponed their honeymoon, but apparently they had gone together to Egypt soon after wedding. Shamsi had declared that she wanted to see with her own eyes this place that they had heard about in the news.

"I would be hard to please Doud, all we can do is have a open a open market as possible in the outside world."